MAR. 3, 1947

New Republic

FEB 27 1947

Folklore

Superman on Crusade

Steel

Pattern for Peace

Henry Wallace

Memo to School Boards

15 CENTS

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PICTURE QUIZ: Which of these five people gives the right reason for buying U.S. Bonds?

(ANSWER BELOW)

1. Easy to save! "I'm putting my money into U. S. Bonds because it's the *easiest way* for me to save. Under the Payroll Savings Plan, I put aside a regular amount each week for Bonds. So far, I've saved $500 without missing the money!"

2. Good investment! "Getting back $4 for every $3 I invest—the way I will in ten years' time with U. S. Bonds—is my idea of a *good investment*. I know it's safe and sound, too, because it's backed by Uncle Sam. Buy Bonds, I say."

3. Plans for the future! "Ten years from now, the money I'll get for my U.S. Bonds will help to send my kids to college, or buy our family a new home. I think that buying U. S. Bonds is the wisest thing a family man can do."

4. Fights inflation! "I want America to stay economically sound. That's why I'm putting all our extra dollars into U. S. Bonds. It's like buying a share in our country's future prosperity!"

5. Rainy day! "Maybe a rainy day's coming for me. Maybe it isn't. But I am taking no chances. That's why I'm buying all the U. S. Bonds I can through my Payroll Savings Plan."

THE ANSWER

Every one of these people gives the "right" reason—because there's more than one right reason for buying U. S. Bonds.

Whichever way you buy them—through Payroll Savings, or your local bank or post office—U.S. Bonds are the best investment you can make!

Save the easy way..buy your bonds through payroll savings

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New Republic

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Letter of the Week

Handout or Houses?

Gus Tyler, who writes the following letter, is a veteran, an educational director for ILGWU Local 91, a radio news commentator, and a house hunter.

SIR: Last week I floated a trial balloon. In a 15-minute radio news comment, I asked listening veterans to write their opinion on the comparative value of a bonus in New York State as against use of the $400 million for low-cost housing. The response was unusually heavy and unusually one-sided. They were all for the housing.

Not all who wrote in were home hunters. Philip Pless, Brooklyn veteran, writes: "Being a veteran and having a place to stay, I would gladly give up any bonus, so that the $400 million can go to the easing of the housing shortage for the whole low-income group." Nat Baskin, another Brooklynite, writes: "Being a veteran, I prefer that the $400 million go for housing instead of the so-called bonus. Although I have an apartment, I still would rather see the money go for housing." Mrs. Matilda Prusin, of Fort Tilden, New York, writes: "My husband and I agree with you completely in your opinion regarding housing and what should be done with the bonus, and I am sure that almost all, if not all, veterans would also agree."

Lawrence Gordon, still another Brooklyn veteran, blew his top. "I can safely say," he writes, "speaking for myself and at least three other veterans, that this bonus offer is one of the most blatant pieces of political cleverness ever perpetrated on an uninformed public. Governor Dewey really is a shrewd manipulator, for how can anyone who cares about his political future or what his neighbors think vote against this proposal? Yet the mind of every thinking person cries out against this injustice and downright crime of a $250 scrap of meat thrown to the hungry worker. The only way, in good conscience, that our veterans can be shown

(Continued on page 46)

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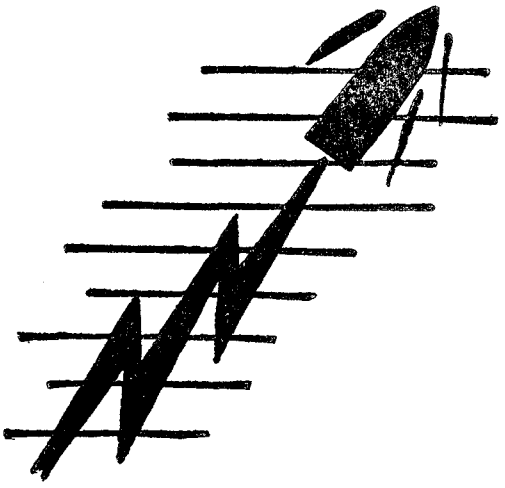
over with a BANG



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New Republic

OLUME 116, NUMBER 9, ISSUE 1683. NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 3, 1947

News in Focus

The Mandate

Congress

WHAT was it the voters put the GOP in power to do? After four months of control in Congress, Republicans were racking their memories. November's campaign billboards had advertised that a Republican Congress would stamp out the "Communism, Confusions and Corruption" of the New Deal. But how did that apply to the budget, taxes, labor, tariffs? "Harmony" had been billed as the feature attraction of the coming GOP show. But long faces and short tempers were now more prominent on the majority side.

Senator George Aiken (R, Vt.) chose to air the party quarrel in public. While his colleagues squirmed on their bottoms, Aiken shouted rebukes: "The people gave this Congress no mandate to cut the taxes of those best able to pay . . . no mandate to set the railroads and other business controlled by the great financial interests above the provisions of the anti-trust laws . . . no mandate to turn the industrial development of atomic power over to a small group of men who would control all the sources of power in the United States." The Republicans, said Aiken, were taking their cue from "a little group of blind, ruthless, selfish men whose influence is far out of proportion to their numbers." Senator Taft sat frozen-faced, contemplating his shoelaces.

Somehow, the election mandate was being scattered in the breeze. Senate co-leaders Taft and Vandenberg were split on confirming David Lilienthal to the Atomic Energy Commission. Moreover, Vandenberg had taken the floor in the most tense party caucus to date to oppose Majority Whip Kenneth Wherry (R, Neb.) and his die-hard followers who were for arbitrarily slashing the budget by $6 billion. "Cuts in the budget must not be at the expense of the public welfare," Vandenberg admonished. The GOP caucus voted with Vandenberg, 22 to 19, for a $4.5 billion cut instead, but unity was bleeding.

Taft had broken with his one-time protégé, Joe Ball (R, Minn.), when the latter proposed to ban the closed shop and industrywide bargaining. Senators Butler (R, Neb.) and Brooks (R, Ill.) were bucking the party leadership in demanding a return to high tariffs, and an end to the Reciprocal Trade Agreements program. Almost every one of the 51 Senate Republicans was fingering amendments containing special "exemptions" for his own home-state industries.

Senator Moore (R, Okla.), in Taft's erratic company, was supporting the House bitter-enders led by Knutson (R, Minn.) in their insistence on delivering the 20-percent tax cut promised in the campaign. Republicans were quoting John Galsworthy: "There's just one rule for politicians. . . . Don't say in power what you say in opposition. If you do, you only have to carry out what the other fellows have found impossible."

On most record votes in the Senate, four Republicans—Aiken (Vt.), Cooper (Ky.), Morse (Ore) and Tobey (N. H.)—had stood apart from the rest of their party. They were the nucleus of a dissident bloc with possibilities of expansion among Langer (N. D.), Ives (N. Y.), Flanders (Vt.) and the Massachusetts pair, Saltonstall and Lodge. This was a new Republican pattern. The "insurgents" of the days of Teddy Roosevelt, the elder Taft, Coolidge and Hoover were almost all from west of the Mississippi. Now the Middle West, which produced half the states that went Republican in 1940 and 1944, was the stronghold of party regularity. The 19 Republicans who stood firm in the Senate caucus for a $6 billion budget cut were mostly Midwesterners of the type of Wherry, Capehart (Ind.) and Brooks. "The division within the Republicans," the New York *Herald Tribune's* Joseph Alsop astutely wrote, "is not between progressives and conservatives. It is between those who know and understand the facts of modern life and those who do not."

In the Open

Congress

ROBERT A. TAFT, the hesitant Ohioan, could contain himself no longer. Last week he blurted out the worst-kept secret in the Capitol—his opposition to David E. Lilienthal's appointment as head of the US Atomic Energy Commission. "Mr. Lilienthal is a typical power-hungry bureaucrat . . . temperamentally unfitted to head any important executive agency in a democratic government, and too soft on issues connected with communism and Soviet Russia."

Taft's words were a reedy note in a resounding chorus to the contrary. On the same day, Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg (R) had read into the record a statement by Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, asserting that Lilienthal's defeat "would be a serious blow to our future progress in the atomic-energy field." The opinion was enthusiastically seconded by Albert Einstein, Pulitzer Prize-winner Enrico Fermi and a host of other distinguished scientists.

The fourth week of the Lilienthal hearings was an impressive answer to Taft's intemperate remarks. The president of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company and the vice-presidents of General Electric and Monsanto Chemical came to Washington to testify in behalf of the "power-hungry" appointee. The

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Reverend Thomas E. O'Connell, former president of the Catholic Committee of the South, reminded the Senate that the "temperamentally unfitted" Lilienthal had been his organization's 1946 choice as its "man of the year." "The committee could not have conferred this honor had it not studied his philosophy of life and of government and found it to be in complete accord with the highest ideals of American democracy," said Father O'Connell. Massachusetts' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. (R) flatly described the Communist charge to be "without proof and without foundation."

The ineptness of Taft's words was matched only by his timing. Although the outcome remained in doubt up to the eve of the Senate vote on Lilienthal's confirmation, popular support for the former TVA head had reached a crescendo at the exact moment chosen by Taft to deliver his attack. Said the New York *Times*: "Senator Taft may have waited a little too long. . . . We do not believe he has . . . added to his prestige by the manner and content of this attack on an able and admirable public servant."

Peek

New York

WHILE presidential rivals perform under Washington's bright kliegs, New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey has been shading himself in Albany, comparatively safe from the carping eye of the public. But last week the curtain slightly lifted.

A delegation of 1,000 from New York City arrived in the state capital to publicize demands for increased low-cost housing and firmer rent controls. As the Dewey-controlled legislature debated the Governor's budget, the delegation of housewives, veterans and union members (representing 174 different community groups) made an orderly march to the steps of the capitol. There they found the doors into the legislative chambers locked and guarded by details of state police ordered out by the Governor.

The marchers sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" and adjourned to a nearby hall without incident. But inside the chambers, debate raged hotly. In high dudgeon, Democrats refused to vote at all on the state budget. The Republican majority voted it through without them, and without the housing provisions.

Atomic Scoop

Press

BOLD headlines shocked US newspaper readers once again this week into the conviction that the American secret of the atomic bomb is coveted only by a single, scheming rival. "Soviet Said to 'Buy' German Atom Men" blazed the usually sober New York *Times*. The story, distributed by the Associated Press, produced similar countrywide conniptions. The story behind the story, however, was a revelation on the pitfalls of propaganda.

An exclusive article in the last issue of the *New Republic* had reported that Werner Heisenberg, Germany's foremost atomic scientist, had received a "hush-hush" invitation to Argentina from the Peron government, now embarking upon a nuclear-research program classified as "secret military legislation." A dispatch to the *NR* from William Mizelle said that the 1932 winner of the Nobel Prize in physics, who is in the British zone of occupied Germany, was needed to provide the know-how to develop Argentina's recently discovered deposits of uranium.

Two days after publication of this significant news, the United Press bureau in Berlin confirmed the *New Republic* article. Heisenberg, said the UP, "has accepted an offer from the University of Buenos Aires and will leave soon for Argentina, an official British spokesman disclosed today."

Twenty-four hours later the Associated Press caught up with the story, making up for lost time with a new twist which splashed it on the front pages of every US newspaper. Daniel De Luce, filing from Göttingen, relayed a statement by Heisenberg that the Soviet government "had made a standing offer of 6,000 rubles a month to any German atomic expert who would engage in research" for Russia. Three German scientists had already accepted, Heisenberg said. With a show of indignation, Heisenberg had "rejected the offer because I wish to keep on living my own country."

De Luce, apparently on the basis information gleaned from Heisenber flatly contradicted the earlier UP ve sion of the Argentine trip. "Briti officials recently advised him not to a their permission to accept an invitatio to lecture at Buenos Aires University i Argentina, saying it would not b granted 'for obvious reasons'," wro De Luce. A statement in the same sto that Heisenberg had been invited t the US by Dr. Enrico Fermi, nuclea scientist at the University of Chicag was completely denied by the latter.

The contradictions were lost in th newspaper display given to Heisenberg' other contentions as passed along by th AP.

In addition to his comments abou Russian attempts to lure German scien tists, Heisenberg disarmingly maintaine that the uranium pile he had beer building for the Nazis during the wa was "to create energy for machines and not for bombs." The known facts were:

¶ Heisenberg, who failed to grasp the theory of chain reactions, had been conducting his research toward creating some kind of machine, capable of being harnessed as a military weapon, to produce atomic energy.

¶ American intelligence officers discovered documents in Germany using the words "explosive," "bomb" and "weapon" in discussing atomic experiments.

¶ When Heisenberg was imprisoned after the war he first began to talk about the peaceful intent of his experiments in order to clear both his scientific and political reputation.

¶ The impression spread by Heisenberg that his Argentine negotiations had been to lecture at the University of Buenos Aires was blandly false. He had been offered, and had accepted, a post with the Navy Ministry of the Peron government.

The Associated Press, in its innocent handling of the Heisenberg interview, had completely eclipsed the suspicious nature of Peron's atomic plans. The average US newspaper reader might never discover the relation between that story and the well publicized misstatements by the former Hitler scientist.

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Report from Moscow

The Red Carpet

by Alexander Kendrick

IT HAS been a stern Russian winter in more ways than one, but by the time the Council of Foreign Ministers convenes, some sort of thaw should be in the offing. The delegates and journalists of three other nations will arrive for the talks about the future of Germany on the heels of departing members of the Supreme Soviet. The foreign visitors certainly won't be as colorful as the troupes of Uzbeks or Kirghiz deputies who have been wandering the streets of the Soviet capital. But Moscow will do its best to please them.

Preparations for what is perhaps the greatest Western influx since Napoleon's time have been *Bolshoy Remont,* as general overhaulings are called. Although the days are gray and snows are still piled high, the big mid-city hotels are being painted and redecorated. There is a new air of spruceness about the public buildings and the Kremlin has had some of its towers and domes under scaffolding.

The famous Bolshoy and Maly Theatres are ready with the repertoires—this season's showpiece at the Bolshoy is Prokofiev's spectacular ballet, "Romeo and Juliet," and visitors are sure to be impressed by the superbly functional Tschaikovsky Hall, where folk-dance ensembles are raring to go with Ukrainian, Gopak and Cossack flings. The Tretjakov Gallery and the Museum of Eastern Art are open again. The Moscow Conservatory will be presenting such stellar artists as Lev Oborin, Emil Gillels and David Oistrakh. Everyone will want to see the best puppet theatre in the world. And the first three-dimensional film, "Robinson Crusoe," has just been put on display on Sverdlov Square.

For all that, the town is bound to present an air of physical strain to newcomers. It's unconscionably overcrowded, both indoors and out. Although it is building desperately, housing shortages are no myth in a place where living space is measured in cubic meters instead of rooms. American correspondents who raised a rumpus at home about the limitation on their number here (incidentally, there is still some hope for an increase over the original 20) will find that they are occupying rooms out of which other persons have had to be turned.

Visiting newsmen will be quartered at the legendary Hotel Metropol. The press, as at other Big Four meetings, will not get anywhere near the actual proceedings. It is expected that Secretary of State Marshall will be no more accessible to correspondents in Moscow than was Byrnes in Paris and New York. The Russians are remembering that in New York the US State Department found it advisable to hold its own press seminar to filter what was going on behind conference doors.

The foreign ministers will be put up at their respective embassies, of which the British *Starv Dom* has the best view—a broadside panorama of the most castellated part of the Kremlin, directly across the frozen Moscow River. Hundred-member delegations will eat at the New Yorkish Moskva Hotel, the city's tallest building. It stands at the Gorky Street entrance to Red Square and in full sight of the Kremlin, where a bright red star on a principal spire shines all through the night. More than 300 persons are being evicted from the Moskva, a stopping-over hostel for Russians in town on such important projects as the Fergana Canal or the Dnieper Dam.

THE actual conference sessions will be held in Spiridonovka Palace, a large, rambling structure which presumably was once owned by a sugar baron, as were so many of Moscow's finest residences. Spiridonovka, ordinarily used for Molotov's November 7 receptions and other foreign-office social functions, is exceptionally well equipped with necessary refinements.

If the foreign ministers have occasion to toast one another, as everyone hopes they will, visitors from the West will discover that Soviet champagne is more than acceptable, while such Caucasian wines as *Mukuzani* red and *Zinandeli* white are almost as good as the best in France. As for vodka, there are several varieties, all equally jarring. While Muscovites and most other Russians prefer the *Moskovskaya* brand, Western palates will be thankful for *okhotny,* or hunters' vodka, and for *starka,* which is aged and somehow mellowed, if you can believe that.

There will be no trouble about dining out for those who get tired of their ration meals, as everyone does, although considering the high prices it will be correspondents on expense accounts who make the rounds rather than State Department personnel on a per-diem allowance. The most popular night spot, by which of course is meant all-night spot, is the "cocktail hall" of the Grand Hotel, just reopened with brilliant decorations, two jazz bands and a cuisine that includes blini, caviar and beef *Stroganov.* The daring ask for a *katyusha* cocktail—half vodka, half champagne. Scores of other cafés are doing a booming business. They include the Red Poppy and the Aragvi with its Georgian singers and dancers. Not far from the Metropol is a Russian automat, which in this case is not for those in a hurry.

THE conference, of course, will not be entirely an Intourist excursion. A good deal of shrewd, close and important arguing will be going on at the Spiridonovka. Beyond that there will be a ghost at the Spiridonovka table named John Foster Dulles. The Russians consider his proposal for a Western European Federation based on Western Germany as overtly anti-Soviet and have said so day after day in all the papers. They are not sure how much Dulles represents American sentiment and they look to the conference to find out. In their exposition of the issues on Germany before the foreign ministers at this meeting, Soviet commentators have been acidly sharp.

How closely the Russians are watching the trend of US thinking was demonstrated by the alacrity with which Molotov challenged as "rude slander" the remark dropped by US Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson that Soviet foreign policy was "aggressive and expanding." Marshall's reply that Acheson's conduct was "in line of duty" did nothing to ease matters before he faces Molotov across the conference table. But the ice on the Moscow River usually shows signs of cracking by March 10. Anyone who wants to regard that fact symbolically is perfectly free to do so.

Alexander Kendrick is the Moscow correspondent for the Chicago Sun.

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Campus Politics

Wisconsin

FACULTY dissidents at the University of Wisconsin are simmering over the way the Board of Regents took spite on Professor Howard J. McMurray, former Democratic Representative and unsuccessful candidate last fall for the US Senate. To date, the lid has been kept fastened in deference to the Republican state legislature and its control of the university's finances at a time when the budget is strained with swollen postwar enrolments.

McMurray taught Political Science through the second semester of the 1945-46 school year before embarking upon his Senate campaign. A longtime New Dealer, he stumped vigorously in opposition to the GOP tide. When he sought to resume his old job this term, the Board of Regents, heavily loaded with practising Republicans, refused to reappoint him.

His reinstatement had been previously recommended by the university Political Science department, the division of Social Sciences, the dean of the College of Letters and President E. B. Fred. The regents first rejected the faculty recommendations in a closed meeting and instructed McMurray's former department to canvas the field for a suitable substitute. The department cracked back with a letter which declared that a canvass had already been made and that McMurray was best fitted for the job.

In a subsequent session the regents seconded their initial refusal, and released written statements condemning McMurray for spending too much time in politics. The university chapter of the American Association of University Professors made a report strongly criticizing the regents, but declared that it was helpless to act because McMurray was not a member of the faculty at the time of the regents' action.

Small Comfort

Food

MOST of Europe was hungrier than it had been at the war's end. Austrians, for example, were living on a diet equal to one-third of normal US rations. A food-relief organization found that Austrian workers hired to lift 30-pound packages were too weak to work even two-hour stretches.

In such circumstances President Truman finally asked for a $350 million appropriation to send supplies to liberated countries. This was far below previous US relief contributions made through UNRRA. (Since 1943, the US has contributed $2.7 billion, or two-thirds of the expiring international agency's budget.) The President requested that the funds be used "only for providing the basic essentials of life."

Speedy action in Congress was Europe's strongest hope for partial relief from famine during the spring and summer months, when UNRRA shipments will cease and harvests will not yet be gathered. But Congress was making haste slowly:

¶ House Foreign Affairs Committee chairman Eaton (R, N. J.) tacked on to a bill authorizing the President's modest appropriation a controversial "free-press" amendment, keeping nations from receiving aid unless US newsmen were permitted to report on its use.

¶ Fertilizer and farm-machinery representatives prepared to fight any move to increase exports of these materials at the expense of American farmers.

¶ Congress wanted to debate the apportionment of allotments among Italy, Greece, Austria, and perhaps Hungary and Poland.

Should the appropriation be passed tomorrow, shipping experts estimated it would take at least two months before the relief would reach Europe.

Sunset

London

GREAT BRITAIN was promising to withdraw from India "by a date not later than June, 1948." If no constitution or central government were established, the British cabinet would consider whether to hand over the ruling powers to "some form of central government" or "in some areas, to existing provincial governments." On no account would authority be turned over to chaos.

In this manner Prime Minister Attlee proposed last week to dispose of nearly four-fifths of the British Empire. Ironically, Admiral Viscount Mountbatten the great grandson of Queen Victoria would officiate at the wake of nearly 300 years of British rule in the vast subcontinent, half the size of the US and with two and one-half times its population. He would move into the marble-pillared Delhi viceregal lodge next month to replace Field Marshal Viscount Wavell as Viceroy.

Could India's warring parties set their house in order by the date laid down in Attlee's ultimatum? The outlook was not too hopeful. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's All-India Congress (representing 260 million Hindus) and Mohammed Ali Jinnah's Moslem League (speaking for 100 million Moslems) would have 16 months to maneuver for a British decision in favor of either a strong central government for the 11 provinces of British India or separation into Hindu and Moslem states.

The relinquishing of India was not unconnected with England's precarious economic condition. India loomed as Britain's greatest sterling creditor, with "blocked balances" of $5.2 billion frozen to her account as a result of wartime transactions. And the new Indian government was demanding settlement.

Once the world's greatest creditor nation, Britain was now deep in the red. The major portion of her overseas investments had gone to pay for the war. She could only pay off with the things she made and sold to the world. And Britons now were faced with a brutally candid new blueprint for 1947 to prevent a permanent breakdown of "the foundations of our national life." The plan called for 11 million more tons of coal production and thousands of additional workers so enough goods could be produced to reach an export level of 40 percent above 1938. Meanwhile, the current crisis, brought on by abnormally severe weather, had already cost $1 billion in curtailed industrial production. More than two million persons were without work.

The government hoped to get more coal for output and manpower in the long run by reducing the armed forces to 1,037,700 (a decrease of 340,000), by exempting miners from military service, by building decent homes in the dreary mining villages, by appealing to

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omen to enter industry on a whole or art-time basis and by bringing in 100,-00 displaced persons from Europe.

Lynching

South Carolina

THE morning dew was wet on the body of Willie Earle when they ound it at dawn, sprawled in the red lust of a Carolina roadside. The blood was wetly red, too, where knife wounds and shotgun shells had ripped the flesh of the 25-year-old Negro youth. They sent the remains back to Pickens and sent for Willie's old mother, waiting alone in a one-room unpainted shack seven miles out of town. Her boy's estate was in his pocket—two dirty $1 bills.

The night before, white men had rolled up in seven autos to the Pickens County jail. Their quarry was being held inside on suspicion of stabbing to death a Greenville cab driver. "They had shotguns and I danced to their music," said Jailer Ed Gilstrap. He turned the prisoner over to the unmasked band and watched them drive away. The caravan stopped near a country slaughterhouse to dump all that remained of Willie Earle.

When he heard of 1947's first lynching, Governor Strom Thurmond ordered the state constabulary to hunt the murderers down. "I do not favor lynching and I shall exert every resource at my command to apprehend all persons who may be involved in such a flagrant violation of the law," he said. (South Carolina is one of eight Southern states with some kind of anti-lynching law.) Within 72 hours, Sheriff R. H. Bearden had rounded up nearly three dozen Greenville cab drivers and obtained admissions from most that they were members of the lynching party. Presumably, punishment would follow.

* * *

In Washington, the Department of Justice said that the federal government had no power to prosecute the South Carolina lynchers unless a law-enforcement officer was implicated with the mob. Federal laws protecting all forms of civil liberties are so flimsy that during the last eight years the Justice Department has undertaken to prosecute only 178 out of 70,000 alleged violations. None of the six lynchings and 17 at-

Drawing by Lynd Ward

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tempted lynchings in the US last year was deemed within the scope of federal prosecution.

Nothing to Offer?

Labor

THE Senate Labor Committee tried to draw from labor's top spokesmen their ideas as to what changes should be made in US labor laws. If labor disliked the bills pending before the committee, what legislation had they to suggest on their own?

Labor did not choose to say. William Green, president of the AFL, told the committee it was working on the false assumption "that our problems in labor-management relations stem from alleged excesses in the practices of trade unions." The truth, Green declared, was that the troubles arose from the economic changes of the last 15 years. Senator Ball (R, Minn.) asked sharply what the AFL had done about its rivalry with the CIO, "which has caused the worst jurisdictional strikes." Green told him that the AFL had invited the CIO to "come back into the house of labor."

Philip Murray, head of the CIO, also refused to be led into recommending any changes in present laws, although he conceded that there was "no moral justification for jurisdictional disputes." When pressed on the point, Murray impetuously threw aside his prepared statement and told the committee: "Send for William Green of the AFL. Bring him down here, and let him and me work out a plan to settle jurisdictional strikes."

Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, put his finger on the chief reason for reluctance. Although there might be a few points at which improvements could be made in the present laws, he said, "once you open the floodgates a lot of people want to take the guts out of the law." Senator Morse (R, Ore.) leaned forward and asked with a wry smile: "Let me in on this secret—do you expect the 80th Congress to adjourn without enacting some labor legislation? . . . We're going to have some labor legislation. There is an overwhelming public demand for it. . . . It's impossible to understand the attitude of labor leaders in opposing everything, with nothing else to offer."

Voice of America

Radio

BACK in 1939, when most Americans were snuggling between their seacoasts, Radio Moscow engineers swung their directional antennas west-southwest and began beaming English-language broadcasts to the US. Since then, a largely hypothetical American audience has been favored with Tschaikovsky symphonies seasoned alternately with intimate anecdotes of life inside the Soviet Union and grim little lectures on Marxian politics.

Last week the radio waves began to rebound. Short-wave addicts in the USSR, twirling their dials at nine p.m., heard an unfamiliar feminine voice, in carefully enunciated Russian, commanding them to listen. The Voice of America had launched its 25th—and most important—series of broadcasts to foreign countries. Hereafter, Soviet listeners with an appetite for news other than the local official version could taste a nightly ration of US government-stamp "pure unadulterated truth."

The State Department's International Broadcasting Division stressed that it was not undertaking a long-range exchange of catcalls. The programs were planned to present "a picture of life in America, to explain our various problems and to point out how we are trying to solve these problems." Secretary of State Marshall said the US hoped to achieve two objectives: a fair projection of the US case on international issues and a humanized portrait of capitalistic America which would "help broaden the base of friendship and understanding between the Russian and American people."

If the Russians were delighted, they concealed their feelings with Slavic stoicism. No Soviet newspaper published the advance announcement put out by the US Embassy in Moscow. There were no other reports, either, during the initial week of American programs. Soviet leaders who had lately expressed concern over the influence of "decadent bourgeois culture" maintained an eloquent silence.

From first reports, there was no immediate occasion for Russian leaders to worry. The US broadcasts were barely intelligible because of fading, static and interference. Only 500,000 sets in the whole of the Soviet Union could receive the frequencies relayed from New York by way of Munich. US engineers blamed the bum reception on ruinous sunspots.

The inaugural US program whipped up some static of its own. A professorial account of our federal system packed more into 20 minutes than average American college students absorb in a week. Of the program's 60 minutes only 12 were allotted to music, and these were partly spent on "Turkey in the Straw" and a medley of cowboy tunes. A talk on hay-fever cures contained such breezy passages as "histamine is a chemical substance forming the basis of numerous phenomena of so-called allergies." Little use was made of the dramatic or narrative techniques of commercial US radio; the program's 5,000 spoken words were overcrowded with details.

Russian-born Nicolas Nabokov, who organized the programs, defended them by explaining that "Russians are oriented to meaty radio shows. The BBC, which started broadcasts to Russia eight months ago, found that their heavy scientific lectures went over best; the Russians dismissed everything else as 'pink vaseline'." He conceded that the first broadcasts were "short on Americana" and said that scripts on a small Connecticut town and night truck drivers were in preparation. A half-hour a week would be devoted to modern American composers. His staff, he explained, had been given only two weeks' advance notice to put the first programs together.

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Washington Wire

GOP Fact and Fantasy

WHEN things get a bit too much for us here in Washington we like to turn to the communications of Frank Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government, which always have for us a particularly soothing effect.

"Alarming news flows from Congress in today's press dispatches," says the letter, "which suggests opposition by individual congressmen to a flat 20-percent cut in personal income taxes in all groups."

Before we can ejaculate, "Dear, dear!" the letter continues:

"The tragedy is that this program, which its proponents say is for the benefit of the low-income groups, actually *will do them irreparable harm.* The present tax structure confiscates too much of the income of higher brackets, from which all capital must flow in free society. . . . Without knowing it, those who want the confiscatory upper-bracket taxes continued are urging the policy of the Communists' platform."

Well, well, we guess that settles *that.* Lower-income groups please note. It is somehow strangely comforting to us, in this era of violent change, to know that one group of stout conservatives is standing against the flood, is impervious, in fact, to cerebration of any sort. We are reminded of the comment of the late William Allen White, at the time of the Theodore Roosevelt Progressive movement, regarding the Taft standpatters, that they hadn't had a new idea since the fall of Babylon and "while they agree with the general justice of the fall, think it was hasty and ill considered."

WE RATHER think Bob Taft won't be the GOP candidate in 1948. Taft is sponsoring some social legislation now for federal aid to education, housing and health. He has taken a relatively moderate stand on budget slashing, and he is calming down GOP extremists who want to outlaw trade unionists and hang the able and energetic Phil Murray. But to make Bob Taft look like a "moderate" you need the contrast of Gannett's committee, and we fear that is asking too much.

As we explained last week, it was Taft who engineered and masterminded the fight on Lilienthal. It was he who "put Bridges up to" making the first assault, as he confessed to friends. Taft's real objection to Lilienthal is that he is a New Deal liberal, and his motive is to serve notice on Truman that henceforth he must clear appointees with the victorious GOP congressional leaders. Since the Lilienthal battle is joined, Taft throws in all the other arguments, too, and gets into the mire by including the vicious one about communism, even though the latter charge had already exploded in committee. We guess Taft isn't going to be the next President.

THE Taft contrast with Vandenberg is inescapable. Both started out as sound, anti-New Deal, Roosevelt-hating isolationists. Both voted against conscription, lend-lease, extension of the draft. Then came the war and something happened to Vandenberg. He found out that he was living in One World at a time when Taft was otherwise preoccupied in reluctantly facing up to the fact that poverty existed in the US and that some children don't get proper schooling and some parents can't afford good homes. From that time on Taft and Vandenberg parted company on international affairs, and on some domestic matters, too.

Both, today, are unavowed presidential candidates. Taft voted against the St. Lawrence Waterway, Vandenberg for it; Taft against continuation of the National Resources Planning Board, Vandenberg for; Vandenberg wanted subsidies to hold down prices, Taft didn't. Then again, Vandenberg was for, Taft against, the Bretton Woods agreements, the British loan and the bill to implement the United Nations. Their paths have also diverged on trade agreements. And now—Lilienthal.

IT IS unfair to say that the fight in Congress over the budget is a sham battle, but the fact remains that whether the proposed cut in Truman's estimates is $6 billion or $4.5 billion doesn't really matter, since each is tentative and, despite what target Congress now sets, the ultimate expenditures may be as big, or bigger, than Truman originally estimated. The new legislative budget procedure, set up under the Reorganization Act, needs correction. It has done a good job in making the country economy conscious and in precipitating the biggest budget debate of this century. But, in the future, there must be a later deadline than February 15 for congressional alternatives to the President's estimates, or legislative leaders must start earlier and work more closely with the President. The government's ultimate expenditures this year, we suspect, will be written in the cumulative totals of respective appropriation bills.

The GOP doesn't really believe its own warnings that the country's debt total is an "unbearable burden." Democrats were astounded and amused last week to hear arch Roosevelt-hater Harold Knutson (R, Minn.) suddenly explain that the debt really isn't so bad: "we owe it to ourselves." What he wants, of course, is to effect his campaign-promised 20-percent tax cut.

MARK down February 19 in legislative history. On that day was born the new GOP Senate insurgent group. Senator Aiken (R, Vt.), in an extraordinarily able speech, outlined its platform. He was immediately joined by Senators Morse (Ore.), Tobey (N. H.) and Langer (N. D.). It is believed he will have occasional support from Cooper (Ky.), Saltonstall (Mass.), Ives (N. Y.) and perhaps others.

Washington T. R. B.

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Memo to Mrs. Vining

by Richard E. Lauterbach

A foreign correspondent writes to the Quaker lady who has been sent to teach the chubby little crown prince of Japan

UNLESS the Japanese people turn against the Tenno system, the next emperor of Japan will be Hirohito's eldest son, Akihito. You have been tutoring this passive, obedient, chubby 13-year-old schoolboy since last October 15. At the Kogane Peers' School, dressed in his dark-blue-wool uniform with the metal cherry blossoms on each side of the collar, he may seem almost indistinguishable from the other boys. You see Akihito living now in the stoic simplicity which can best be afforded by little princes who some day will inherit a stylish $200 million and a scepter from their sires. Perhaps the theatrical contrast has not been lost on you. From your warm 10-room home in Tokyo, replete with servants and secretary, you are chauffeur-driven 16 miles to a bleak, cold classroom. There sits the humble prince waiting to be taught "democracy" as he would learn the art of Chinese caligraphy, a necessary flourish for his new role.

Two years in eight days

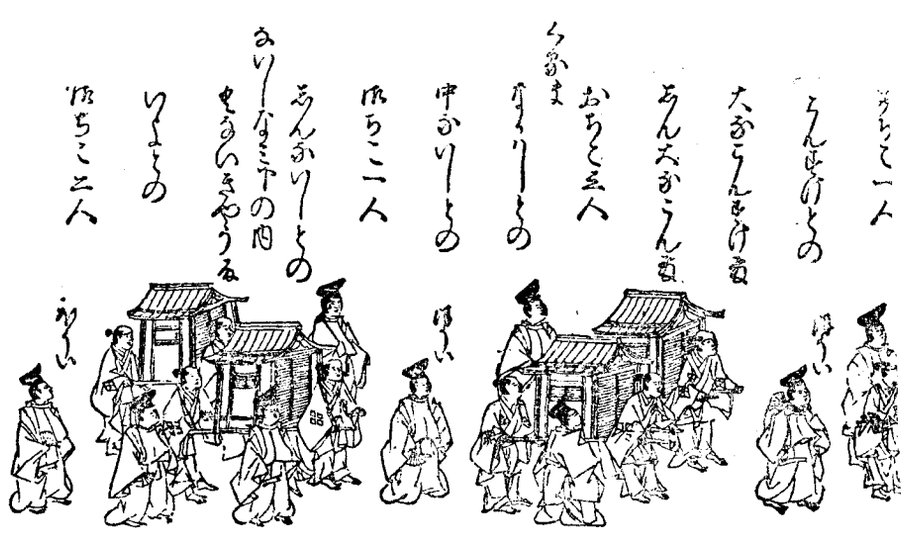
YOU have brought to your job an American's sincere belief in the power of education, a Quaker's convictions on the urgency of peace. You are too realistic to hope for successes such as Anna Leonowens had with the King of Siam. You will be satisfied if your charge learns the rudiments of good English and is able to understand the content as well as the form of Carl Sandburg's *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*.

This memorandum is neither advice nor admonition. It is a quick sketch of Akihito's past, which will inevitably show up in the shape of his future no matter how much molding you accomplish in any hour of the week.

Your pupil is the only heir-apparent in the world who was two years old eight days after his birth. This neat trick was not done with Hirohito's sacred mirror. In Japan every infant is one year old when born. Like racehorses in America, Japanese then become a year older every New Year's, irrespective of actual birth date. Thus, little Akihito was two on January 1, 1934, although he first opened his owlish brown eyes and screamed his first *Banzai!* on December 23, 1933.

Akihito's arrival ended a lengthy period of intense suspense for the entire Japanese nation as well as for his mother, the Empress Nagako. The Japanese newspapers for months had daily reported on the Empress' condition. During the final months of pregnancy they printed detailed accounts of how she donned the sacred 12-foot-long silk maternity girdle presented to her by the Chief of the Imperial Staff, who had been designated "Honorable Girdle Parent." Thus began an unending series of ceremonials which will follow Akihito as long as he is supposed to be the 125th Mikado.

As soon as the doctors pronounced the baby alive, Emperor Hirohito presented him with the sacred sword which is the symbol of the life force. Seven days after Akihito's birth a national



PROCESSION OF THE . . .

Richard E. Lauterbach, who is the author of Through Russia's Back Door, *recently covered the Far East for* Time *and* Life. *He is now a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University.*

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holiday was declared. On this day he was doused with a ceremonial bath as three costumed archers twanged their bowstrings to ward off evil spirits, and two honored doctors of literature intoned from ancient Shinto scriptures. Bathed and dressed in a white silk kimono, the Crown Prince was ready to receive his name. Emperor Hirohito inscribed "Tsugo-no-miya" *(the Prince who will ascend the Throne of Enlightened Benevolence)* on a scroll which he handed to his Grand Chamberlain, who bowed thrice and informed the Empress officially, then bowed thrice more and placed the scroll beside Akihito's pillow.

At this signal the Jap navy boomed a 21-gun salute, stock-market prices soared to ecstatic heights, political prisoners received an amnesty and *Ginza* hawkers sold an estimated three million Rising Sun flags and flimsy paper lanterns for the honorable holiday.

Mister Prosperity

WHILE still at the breast of his wet nurse, Akihito's royal training began. He was addressed only in the court language called "Kotoba"—supposedly the tongue of the natives who founded Japan. At three months his father made him a gift of a personal seal, the characters of which stand for "Mister Prosperity." At three years Akihito was given his own household complete with palace, chamberlains, guards, valets, gardeners, cooks and teachers. At five he was granted a Mongolian pony and his first formal audience with his father. For the first time he was permitted to meet boys of his own age, all of whom were carefully selected sons of the nobility.

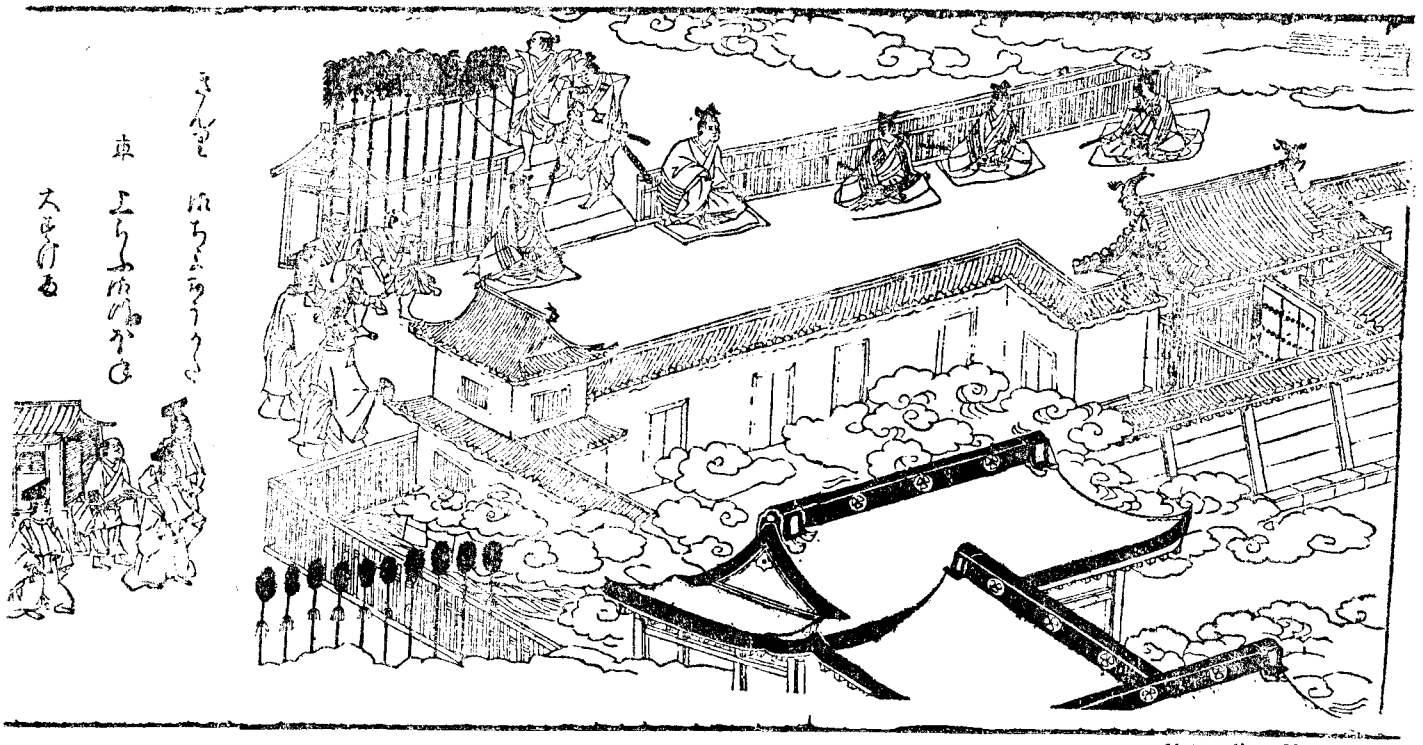
At six, Akihito entered the Peers' School. A special building was erected within walking distance of his palace. Here the Crown Prince memorized the ritual which all Japanese school children have had to learn. When the teacher asked, "What do you love best in the world?" Akihito replied: "The Emperor, of course." "Better than your father and mother?" Seriously Akihito recited: "Yes, he is the Lord of Heaven, the father of my mother and father." "What will you give the Emperor?" asked the teacher, whereupon Crown Prince Akihito answered: "All my best toys and my life when he wants it."

At eight—the year the Pacific war began—Akihito "showed keen interest in the progress of the Greater East Asia war," according to Domei, the official news agency. "Recently he visited the Meiji and Yasukuni shrines to pray for an early Japanese victory and restoration of world peace." They did not add that Akihito was being briefed by tutors Admiral Togo and General Nogi. During the later war years Akihito lived at the shrine city of Nikko, 90 miles from Tokyo, where, conveniently, the Peers' School was also transferred. This was fortunate, since the great B-29 raid on May 25, 1945, destroyed Akihito's Tokyo bomb shelter.

Embarrassing question

LIKE most Japanese, Akihito discovered the war was over on noon, August 15, when he heard his father broadcast the imperial rescript. Akihito wept. Recovered from his "profound grief," he asked Baron Hozumi, his gentle and cultured chamberlain: "Why did we not win?"

Hozumi meditated before explaining: "The principal reason for defeat is, after all, the wide difference of real ability between Japan and America and our ignorance of that difference." This seemed to satisfy your pupil. He was



. . . EMPEROR AND HIS SUITE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

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politely advised not to refer to this embarrassing matter in the presence of the Emperor.

A corset of customs

DESPITE attempts at introducing simplicity and democracy when the American occupation became a reality, bandy-legged Akihito still led a regimented prince's life. With his 11-year-old brother, Prince Masahito, and 60 servants, he rattled around the bleak, barren confines of Akasaka Palace, where Emperor Meiji lived (1872-88) and where the Duke of Windsor slept in 1922.

When I visited Akihito in Tokyo last year, before your arrival, Baron Hozumi explained that the task of unlacing the confining customs which corset the Crown Prince was a delicate one. He had begun by apprising Akihito of SCAP (Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers; *i.e.*, MacArthur) directives. With this slight bow to the presence of aliens on Japanese soil, Akihito's elders went right on preparing him for the throne as his ancestors were prepared before him. It did not seem strange to Baron Hozumi or the other chamberlains that outside the thick stone walls of the Akasaka compound Japan was seething with social revolution while within the palace a small boy, who until recently believed he was divine, was learning how to become an anachronism.

This, then, was Akihito's routine when I saw him. He was up and dressed with the help of three valets by seven o'clock. First thing in the morning and last at night he entered his private shrine room to worship the spirit of the Sun Goddess and his imperial ancestors. He also bowed low to photographs of his mother, father and grandmother.

Devotion over, he was allowed to romp in his garden, feed his chickens and do Danish-style (German-style until Hitler's defeat) calisthenics until his breakfast of toast, milk and fried eggs at eight. Tin-box lunch in hand, he walked along a well guarded path to school, where at ten began the schedule of lessons in reading, composition, arithmetic, painting, manual training, singing and gymnastics. The teaching of morals, history and geography had been temporarily banned by SCAP.

Where Akihito stood in relation to the other little nobles in his class was not made clear. Grades were not permitted then, since it would have been *lèse majesté* for another pupil to be rated above Akihito, who modestly admits to being excellent in singing (like his mother) and in biology (like his father).

With lessons over at one, your present pupil munched his beans, rice and fish with the other boys and then trotted home. Within the palace compound, weather permitting, Akihito rode on his bike or his pony, or perhaps punted on his private pond until three. Chosen members of his class were allowed to come and play after being cautioned that they must not excel their host in games. The Prince studied until four-thirty, when he was given a European bath in a full-length foreign tub. At five he supped—his favorite dish is curried rice—and then he played cards, read or watched newsreel movies until bedtime at eight.

S. Temple v. M. Mouse

IN THE months just prior to your arrival, Japanese myths were put aside for translations of *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Peter Pan, The Prince and the Pauper, Tom Sawyer, The Count of Monte Cristo* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy.* Akihito had learned so little in his previous years about the non-Japanese world that he found these books more wondrous far than traditional Japanese tales. Last winter he gawked at Shirley Temple in "Kiss and Tell," the first Hollywood feature he has been able to see since the war. He liked it, but not as well as Mickey Mouse, because he could not understand the English dialogue. In preparation for your advent, Akihito learned to write our alphabet in seven hours, to sing "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and to read comics in the Pacific edition of *Stars and Stripes.*

As you probably know, every Saturday Akihito is examined by two court doctors. He is taller and a good deal heavier and healthier than most Japanese boys of his age. Thus far there have been no signs that his grandfather's insanity has been transmitted across a generation, to Akihito. Last March, in a move which the domineering Imperial Household Ministry considered "extremely revolutionary," Akihito was sent to the Middle School at Kogane, where you now tutor him. Court tradition had established as precedent that, upon completion of primary studies, the mind of a Crown Prince should be exposed only to private tutors. It was decided that Akihito should learn practical subjects publicly and theoretical subjects privately.

Baron Hozumi, in charge of the theoretical side, told me that democracy was one of the subjects which he discussed with Akihito on Sundays before the boy left to visit his imperial parents. The tutor's definition of this elusive concept was: "Democracy means governing the people according to their own wishes and for the happiness of all peoples." This notion was both pleasing and surprising to the Crown Prince, because he believed that his father had ruled according to the wishes of the people, since "how could they have wishes other than the Emperor's?"

To concretize the meaning of American democracy, Baron Hozumi has already told your pupil the story of the *Mayflower's* voyage and of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The Baron has also talked with Akihito about the difference between individualism and egotism, about cabinet changes, liberalism, shortages of food and housing in Japan, and the positions of China and the United States in world affairs. Akihito was not able to understand the internecine strife in China but his sympathies were with the government of Chiang Kai-chek.

2,571 years of tradition

WHILE some Allied authorities have privately discussed the prospect of sending Akihito abroad to college in four or five years, the Crown Prince's attendants shudder at the thought. "You cannot rewrite 2,571 years of tradition with such rapidity," one of Mister Prosperity's guardians whispered to this reporter last year before you arrived. "His Imperial Majesty, the Crown Prince, has not yet officially met an American and he has never even *seen* a Russian."

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Up, Up and Awa-a-y!

by Thomas Whiteside

Superman, lighter-than-air radio hero, uses X-ray vision and supersonic speed to build tolerance—and top Hoopers

WITHIN the luxurious Park Avenue offices of Kenyon and Eckhardt, Inc., there toils a group of highly trained specialists. These gentlemen have among their duties the exacting task of deciphering letters written in code. The secret communications are written by the youth of America to Superman, a mechanized Messiah who has gained their confidence and admiration through his ability to defy the laws both of gravity and probability while enforcing, singlehanded, more frequently violated laws pertaining to crime.

The letters are written, of course, in the special Superman Code. Kenyon and Eckhardt's cipher experts are not unhappy in their work. They handle the Superman account, and Superman is blessed not only with the power to work miracles but the highest Hooper rating of any children's program on the air.

Superman, in fact, seems to spread a glow of satisfaction all around him. Superman, Inc., is delighted. Kenyon and Eckhardt are well pleased. Superman's sponsor, the Kellogg Company ("those grand old Kellogg people of Battle Creek, Michigan") feels gratified. The public-relations firm of David O. Alber, and Michael Ames, its Vice-President in Charge of Superman, are enthusiastic. Even the Mutual Broadcasting System is, in its own words, "prideful." It is not possible to find out how the Superman scriptwriter feels. "We keep him pretty well under lock and key," an executive of Superman, Inc., explained.

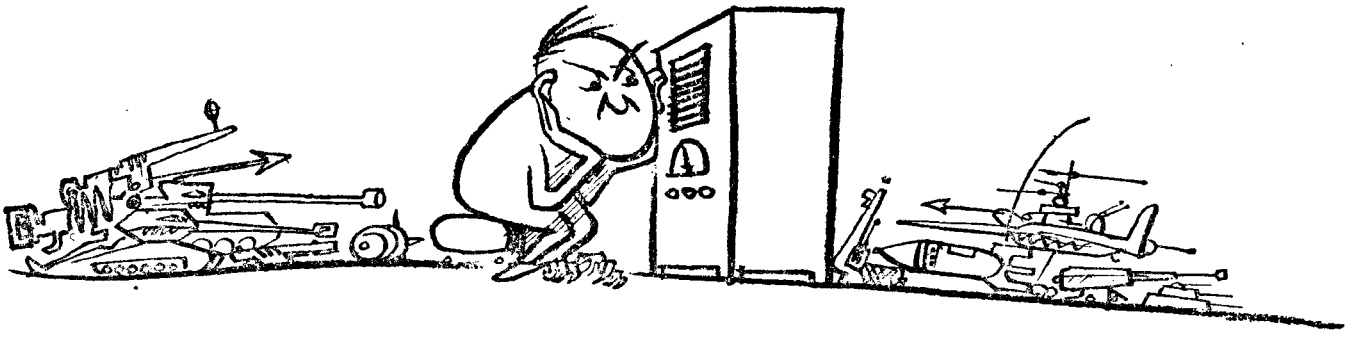
The fact that Superman easily out-Hoopers such formidable rivals as Little Orphan Annie, Hop Harrigan, Tom Mix, Dick Tracy and Captain Midnight is enormously pleasing to less exotic organizations, like the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the American Newspaper Guild, the American Veterans' Committee and the Calvin Newspaper Service, a Negro newspaper chain. For, since last April, Superman has exercised his unique gifts, such as X-ray vision, long-distance hearing, supersonic speed and the ability to fly, on behalf of interracial tolerance and against juvenile delinquency and school absenteeism.

Superman's war against intolerance and gangdom is not without its pitfalls. Union members protested when the program described one of Superman's antagonists as having "bushy eyebrows, just like John L. Lewis." They further complained that the character was made to utter an objectionable statement, *i.e.*, "Ny-a-a," which they considered a typical gangster expression.

No one has yet accused the Superman tolerance program of being dull. Superman's duties frequently require him to move mountains, lift sinking ships, hold back tidal waves and occasionally to visit a planet. Some trouble occurs from overexcitement. One clergyman wrote to say that while he admired the kindly message that Superman brought, he feared for his small son, who displayed a "decided nervousness" at the supper table after listening to the program. He objected in particular to the dread notes of doom on the Hammond organ —known to the trade as "sting"—just before the commercial and "today's thrilling climax." One woman wrote in to say that her neighbor's child became so zealous after listening to Superman's cry of "Up, Up . . . and AWA-A-Y!" that he forthwith climbed on the garage roof and attempted to take off, with disastrous results. "The woman was complaining," remarked an agency executive after reading the letter.

Distress signals

THE most acute symptoms of distress, however, come from the extreme nationalists. Superman executives take some pride in pointing out that Gerald L. K. Smith has denounced the tolerance campaign as "a disgrace to America." Superman also caused a considerable amount of bad feeling among the Ku Klux Klan by mentioning various KKK code words on his program. The code words had been passed on to Superman, via the Anti-Defamation League, by Stetson Kennedy, an interloper from the newspaper *PM*. As a result, Samuel Green, Grand Dragon of the KKK, had to spend part of his afternoon with his ear pressed against the radio. As soon as Superman used a KKK pass-



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word, Green had to send out urgent orders for a new one. The Grand Dragon is said to have taken this reverse very badly and to have vented his spite on Kellogg's Pep by attempting to stop local sales of the cereal. Fortunately, the grand old Kellogg people declined to be intimidated.

Look at the Hoopers!

ACCORDING to a Kenyon and Eckhardt executive, 4.5 million children listen to Superman every week. "We had been getting a lot of complaints about the blood and thunder stuff until we decided to put in these social episodes," he explained. "Now all the parents' organizations are congratulating us on the show. The psychologists tell us we're planting a 'thought egg' in the kids' minds. It won't have too much effect now, but it will when they become adolescent. Anyway, the wonderful thing is that our Hooper's actually gone up since the campaign started.

"Now the tolerance angle is spreading to other kids' shows. The parents' group started putting on the heat. Of course, the other kids' shows started beating on the breast and saying they'd put a lot of symbolism in their scripts, like white buffalos and black buffalos and that stuff. Symbolism doesn't work with kids. You've got to come right out and say what you want to say. Anyway, Tom Mix started some safety stuff. He tells the kids they should not be run over by cars. They'll all come around our way. Look at the Hoopers! This tolerance theme is good business."

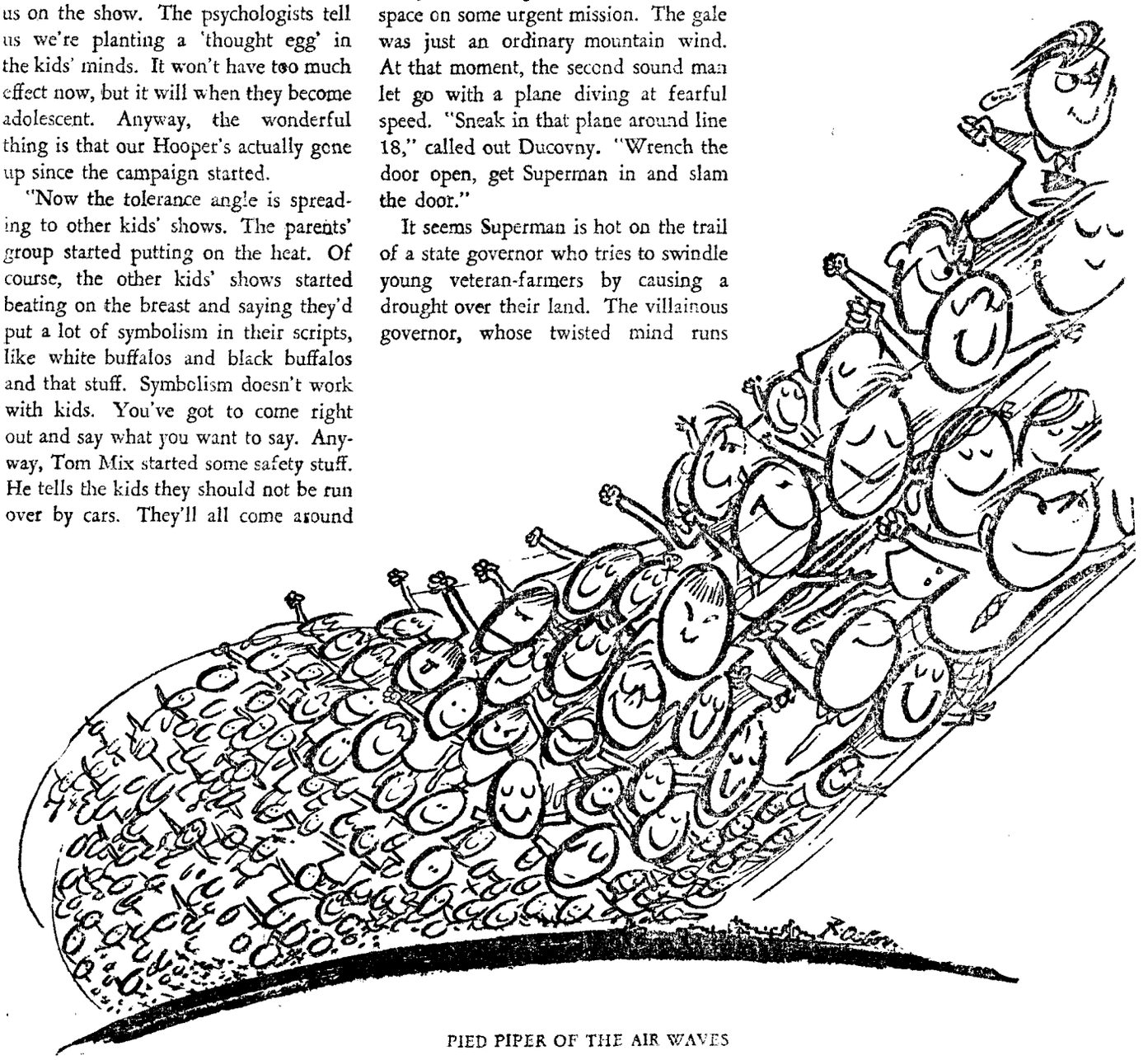
Dry ice and Sunday school

AT THE Mutual studios, the Superman show was just going into rehearsal. It seemed heavy in the sound-effects department. At the moment I entered, one of the three sound-effects men was just trying out a blast of super-wind, a terrifying sound from which I was forced to take refuge behind a nearby baffle.

When the super-wind had died down to a mere gale, Allen Ducovny, the producer, explained the difference. The super-wind, he said, was used exclusively when Superman took off into space on some urgent mission. The gale was just an ordinary mountain wind. At that moment, the second sound man let go with a plane diving at fearful speed. "Sneak in that plane around line 18," called out Ducovny. "Wrench the door open, get Superman in and slam the door."

It seems Superman is hot on the trail of a state governor who tries to swindle young veteran-farmers by causing a drought over their land. The villainous governor, whose twisted mind runs along scientific lines, sends his henchmen up in a camouflaged plane to drop dry ice on the rain clouds, presumably drying them up and preventing rain. The Man of Steel, however, guesses what these rats are up to. He leaps into the sky and forces the trembling henchmen to earth and justice.

The cast sat in a corner, playing gin rummy. Superman had to be pointed out to me. He was eating candied dates. He introduced himself as Clayton Collyer, and expressed some regret that people know him only as Superman. Even grownups half expect him to perform remarkable feats of strength, all of which he finds particularly embarrassing when his sacroiliac bothers him.



PIED PIPER OF THE AIR WAVES

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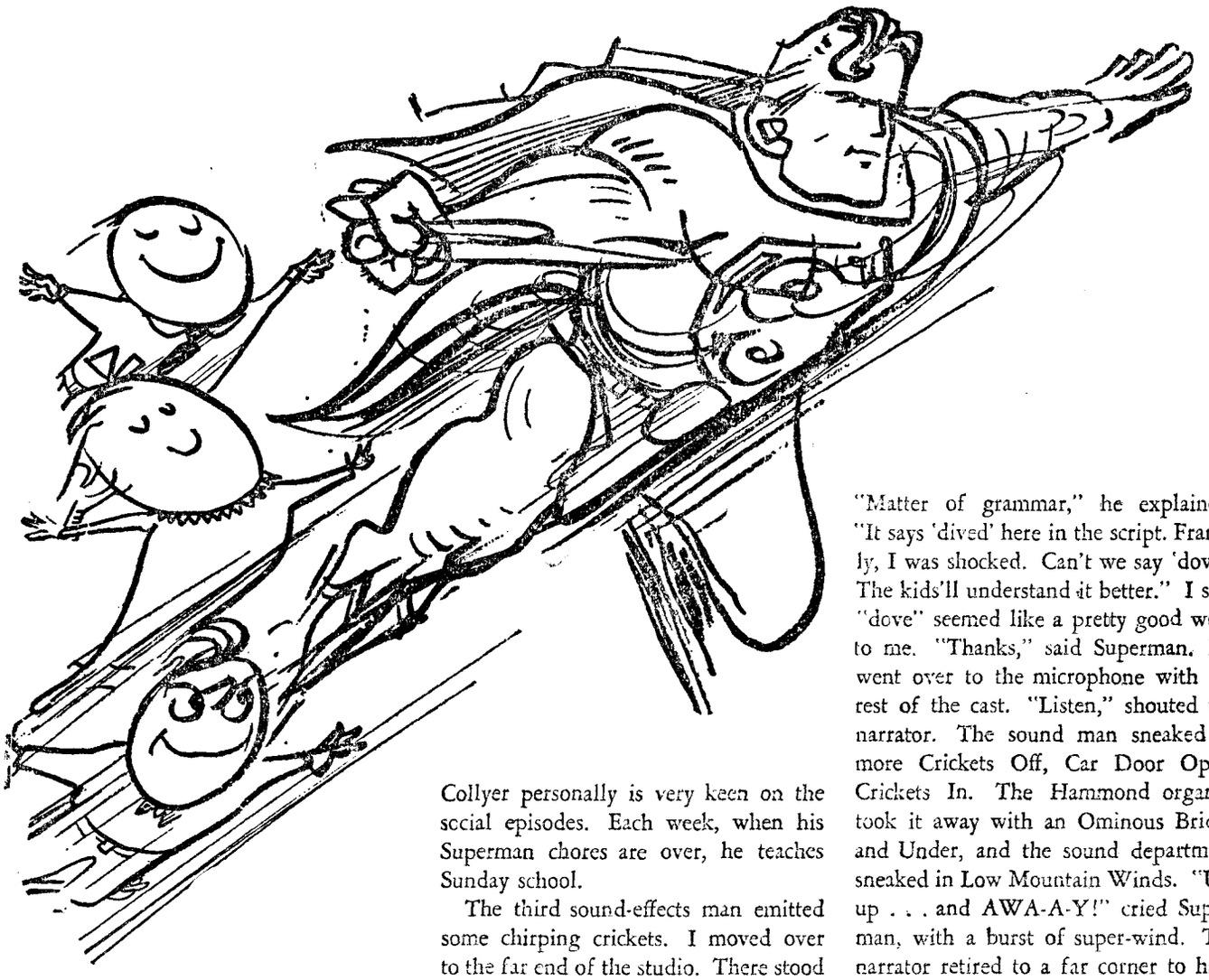

"The other day," he said, "my Great Dane got loose from the house. I started shouting after him. These little kids skating on the pond start laughing, and one cups his hands. 'Why don't you fly?' he yells."

I inquired after Der Teufel, the mad German scientist. I had heard of Der Teufel some time ago, when he was threatening Superman with a small hunk of deadly Kryptonite, an unstable, radioactive substance which deprived Superman of his strength. Swallowing some Kryptonite, Der Teufel had transformed himself into an Atom Man. Everything he aimed his fingers at turned to dust. "We got rid of him eventually," said Collyer, "but that sure was a wild run, probably even wilder than Superman's trip to the moon. Of course, that was before we started these social episodes."

Collyer personally is very keen on the social episodes. Each week, when his Superman chores are over, he teaches Sunday school.

The third sound-effects man emitted some chirping crickets. I moved over to the far end of the studio. There stood the announcer, collarless, his face to the corner. Quietly, but with indescribable enthusiasm, he was reading the commercial to himself. "Y'know, gang," he whispered with a glance at his stopwatch, "if someone should just hand you a full set of that new series of Kellogg's Pep comic buttons . . . it wouldn't be half so much fun as collecting them . . . so get your good eating and exciting prizes, gang, from P . . . E . . . P, the sunshine cereal!" Then he read a hitch-hiker for Kellogg's Variety. A hitch-hiker, he explained afterwards, is an incidental plug for another product of the sponsor. I complimented the announcer on his style. "I try to get pretty confidential," he said. "But, if you know what I mean, not too confidential."

The sound-effects man gave out with another zooming plane dive. Superman strode over and appealed for a decision. "Matter of grammar," he explained. "It says 'dived' here in the script. Frankly, I was shocked. Can't we say 'dove'? The kids'll understand it better." I said "dove" seemed like a pretty good word to me. "Thanks," said Superman. He went over to the microphone with the rest of the cast. "Listen," shouted the narrator. The sound man sneaked in more Crickets Off, Car Door Open, Crickets In. The Hammond organist took it away with an Ominous Bridge and Under, and the sound department sneaked in Low Mountain Winds. "Up, up . . . and AWA-A-Y!" cried Superman, with a burst of super-wind. The narrator retired to a far corner to have his shoes shined.

The clock neared 5:14 p.m. I retired to the control room. The actors scrambled to the microphone. "We only rehearse for an hour," said Ducovny. "Norman Corwin was amazed. He said it would take him a week." The engineer turned on a record with the Superman signature:

"FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET!" (Burst of machine-gun fire.)

"MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE!" (Roar of express train.)

"ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND!" (Super-wind.)

"IT'S A BIRD . . . A PLANE . . . IT'S S-U-P-E-R-M-A-N!"

"Well, waddya know," the engineer murmured softly. Superman was on the air.

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Henry Wallace

Where Are the Teachers?

IF THE United States is to furnish world leadership it must have a world outlook. That means training to enable us to understand and appreciate all disciplines and all cultures. Our children are introduced to an incredibly complex world—a world of racial and class tensions, international frictions, battered traditions and inevitable change. With such a responsibility, a nation with the wealth of the United States should not be bogged down by insufficient, unappreciated, underpaid teachers and outworn methods. Our provisions for education have never been, and are not now, adequate.

The immediate educational problem facing the country is the disintegration of teaching standards. Thirty-three states have been forced to lower their standards for teachers' certificates and in some areas a high-school diploma is considered sufficient qualification for teaching. Since America entered the war in 1941, the number of students enrolled in teachers' colleges has gone down by about one-third. In the past eight years, 350,000 teachers have dropped out altogether. The rural areas, where more than half of the 25 million school children live, have suffered most from this exodus of trained teachers.

Teachers are leaving because they are underpaid. Last year the average teacher's salary was about $1,950, as compared with the average income for federal employees of $4,150; lawyers, about $4,700; and doctors, about $5,000. In many communities, a domestic servant has more money left over for savings than a teacher.

Our children are our most precious national asset and we must conserve and develop it. Yet we spend on education of all varieties only about a third as much as we spend for liquor, and one-fifteenth as much as goes into military expenditures. During the war, we needed aviation cadets. They had to be well trained, highly skilled students of war. So the government invested $27,000 for every year's training of each cadet. The school child, whose peacetime mission is now equally important, averages $117 a year for education.

No country is as strong as one with a well educated, well equipped rising generation. If we are really interested in our future, there ought to be less money spent by the federal government for armament and more for education. There is a real question whether a billion dollars spent annually on our youth for universal military training at the age of 18 will do as much for national defense as will a genuine strengthening of education.

Budget Director James E. Webb, presumably speaking for the Administration, apparently thinks it would be better to spend federal money on compulsory military training than on primary and secondary schools. In a letter of November 1, 1946, to Senator James E. Murray (D, Mont.), Webb suggested that federal aid to education "should be considered in relation to the enactments respecting military training."

Adequate federal appropriations for primary and secondary schools, properly spent, could make the US of 1970 the most cultured and respected nation in the world. In 1940, there were 10 million citizens who were functionally illiterate. During the war, over 676,000 were rejected for the draft; 350,000 signed their names with a mark. This is a national disgrace. It will continue to be a disgrace if the cost of compulsory military training is so high as to take precedence over education.

THERE is no doubt that we must take the rubber bands off our state and federal wallets and offer the teachers more pay. Salary schedules for teachers should begin with a minimum salary of at least $2,400 and must include salaries up to and above $5,000. But there are other reasons why teachers are leaving the schoolhouses, and these, too, must be corrected. More money should be spent on schoolhouses, equipment and teachers' colleges. We spend only 1.5 percent of our national income to support the nation's schools. It is unlikely that a minimum educational program can be supported at any less than five percent of the national earnings.

New educational techniques, learned in the war just ended, should be put into civil use. Undoubtedly television, slide films and movies can reduce the cost and increase the efficiency of teaching. Our present teachers, handling overcrowded classes and often equipped only with antiquated textbooks, have little with which to capture the imaginations of our children. (Today in many cities classes of 45 or 50 students are not uncommon.) In overcrowded classes children waste time and teachers become harassed. For best results no teacher should be responsible for more than 15 children in a classroom.

The number of teachers will continue to decline unless we provide professional security, guaranteed tenure, retirement benefits and sick leave. Over half of our teach-

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ers have no job protection. Some have contracts which expire at the end of each school year; others are employed under "continuing contracts" and live in fear that their contracts may be canceled without a statement of cause. Although all states have some form of retirement plan, adequate retirement provisions are still far from a reality. Some limit payments to $600 or less; others rely on legislative appropriations subject to fluctuation.

We are gradually removing some of the petty, meaningless restraints and obligations forced upon our teachers by official regulations and social pressure. But the situation is still bad in many small towns. As late as 1941, married women were not allowed to accept regular teaching positions in over half of our country's school systems. Many teachers have been driven from the profession because of demands that they take an active part in community organizations, churches and other functions which leave them little time to further their own knowledge in the academic field. It is no wonder teachers have sought to escape jobs which require that they live within the boundaries of the school district or that they patronize the local merchants.

Perhaps the present education that our teachers are giving our children is worth no more than the $3 billion annually we are spending on it. It is time for the public to recognize the character and importance of teaching and to demand that our state and federal governments cure the educational ills. Certainly our whole philosophy of education must be thought through again in terms of our present duties and responsibilities. James Monroe once said, "Let us by all wise and constitutional measures promote intelligence among the people as the best means of preserving our liberties." Let us have our educational philosophers think through the present crisis in our educational system in terms of what America must contribute to the world in order to be loved and respected rather than hated and feared.

Sir John Orr

ONE OF THE great men of the world today is Sir John Boyd Orr, who came to the United States from Scotland via England to speak to the conscience of the nations like an Old Testament prophet. Sir John was the first man to become a world citizen as head of a United Nations organization. He is Food and Agriculture on a worldwide scale. He is determined to make the Food and Agricultural Organization lead the way into the world of peace and prosperity. He thinks the nations of the world can attain peace only by working together on practical problems. It is Sir John Orr's FAO which set up the International Emergency Food Council, to work out the allocation of exportable surpluses in such a way as to do justice both to farmers and consumers throughout the world. It is pleasant news that Sir John has recently been nominated, unofficially, for the Nobel Peace Prize, by the members of the British Peace Council.

Sir John is a scientific nutritionist who has seen with his own eyes how extra food will turn thousands of boys from draft rejectees to draft acceptables. He knows that half the people of the world are underfed and, like John the Baptist, he cries aloud in the wilderness of modern civilization. He is slowly converting bankers to his point of view that it is good business to work out a system which will give people enough to eat.

And all the time there is waiting for him a thousand-acre farm stocked with Ayrshires, back in Bucksburn, near Aberdeen. Sir John must be nearly seventy, but in spite of his years I can't help thinking that a man of his intensity of moral conviction can do the world more good by staying with the FAO than in going back to his farm. The people of the world need nutrition worse than the Ayrshire cows.

Sir John wants a World Food Board. Agriculture and hungry consumers need a World Food Board. They can have one if our State Department and the British Foreign Office will give Sir John the hearing he merits.

Good News from Burma

FROM London and from Rangoon comes news which holds high hope that Burma may soon be free. Prime Minister Attlee has made this pledge to Burma, adding that "we do not desire to retain in the Commonwealth and Empire any unwilling peoples," although at the same time he expressed the hope that Burma would remain within the British Commonwealth and the belief that she would find it in her interest to do so. Elections to a constituent assembly will be held in April, using the electoral machinery created in 1935, shortly before Burma was formally separated from India. This constituent assembly will then help to create the new government of the country. Arrangements are being made regarding finances, defense and external affairs; Britain will help Burma to get into the United Nations and all other international organizations. Participation of the hill tribes in the Burmese government has been safeguarded. Apparently, the only opposition within Burma comes from the Burmese Communists and is based on the argument that independence should have been obtained by force and not by agreement.

In the past, I have criticized certain aspects of the foreign policy of the British Labor Government. While I still feel that my criticisms—in regard to Greece, for example—were well taken, I am glad to report this instance where the Labor Government, by all available evidence, is acting in the interest of the Burmese people and their legitimate desire to be free. H. W.

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Lithograph by Harry Sternberg

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Violence Gives Way to Realism

by Heinz Eulau

In steel—after turbulent years and a decade of unionism—the men in the mills and the men in the board rooms begin to accept each other

FROM Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, up the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, down the Ohio, across the Youngstown-Cleveland and Chicago-Gary areas, lies the heartland of American industry. This is a land of roaring blast furnaces, fire-spitting Bessemers and red-hot open hearths. Here, 10 years ago, in a crucible of struggle and steel, was born the steelworkers' union.

Steel lies like bedrock beneath the tall towers of American industry. From 1892 on, when Henry Frick broke the Homestead strike of the steelworkers, steel has set the dominant pattern of American industry's relations with the men who work in its shops and mills. The history of the steelworkers, from the Homestead strike to 1937, is matched only by that of the coal miners in its record of conflict, violence and massacre. Ten years ago, industrial feudalism in the steel country seemed to be part of the natural order of creation. Today, the relative calm that accompanies the annual spring crisis of negotiations between the union and the steel masters attests to the fact that a revolution has occurred.

The revolution in steel began in June, 1936, when the CIO dipped into its war chest for $500,000 and assigned a soft-spoken Scotsman named Philip Murray, of the United Mine Workers, to the chairmanship of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee (SWOC). Philip Murray declared: "The drive to unionize the steel industry will continue if it takes 10 years."

Only now, in 1947, with 924,620 members in good standing, organized in about 2,000 local unions; with total assets of $4,964,000; with a central controlling office staffed by crack organizers and economic experts, the United Steelworkers of America (USA) is an industrial giant in its own right. From his modest office in the union's bustling Commonwealth Building headquarters in Pittsburgh, President Philip Murray ($20,000 a year) can survey an industry more than 90 percent covered by collective-bargaining agreements and a record of achievement in higher wages, shorter hours and improved working conditions that has made labor history. A polyglot mass of unorganized millhands has become one of the most powerful and perhaps the most respected union in the nation.

The steel industry has come to deal with the union in good faith. The all-pervading hostility of 10 years ago has largely disappeared. Only an insignificant number of plants are still unorganized. Not even the most implacable foes of unionism can publicly claim that the union is seeking to "put management out of business."

The difference betwen the 1937 strikes and the great strike of 1946 was symbolic. In 1937 the companies were out to smash the upstart union. During the 1946 strike, union-management coöperation continued through the walkout. Only token picket lines guarded the gates. By union-management agreement, plant guards and company officials passed unmolested through the gates. On request—and this was done in 99 percent of all steel mills—the union furnished management with men to preserve equipment, ensure water mains against freezing, keep steam up to sufficient levels and conduits in good working order. After the strike had been settled, production reached 84 percent of capacity in less than a week.

Collective bargaining has become the practical adjustment of difficulties between tough workingmen and equally tough employers who have slugged it out too often to underestimate each other's strength. Nowadays, both management and union know only too well that they have to compromise unless they wish to return to the jungle of earlier days. When US Steel and the union recently agreed to extend their contract to April 30 while they negotiated, their action was simply hard-headed realism.

The pay-off

FOR the steelworkers, the pay-off comes in the condition of life in the specific towns or mills in which they live and work. In Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, half an hour's ride from Pittsburgh, one of several dozen steel towns across America, the union has paid off.

Aliquippa is the home of the largest Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation plant. Of its 30,000 citizens, about 11,000 are employed by J&L and two minor steel companies. From the J&L plant, stretching for four miles along the Ohio, the town clambers up the steep slopes which the river has cut. At first glance, it gives the impression of a prosperous, middle-class community. The hills are dotted with rows of small, one-family houses. Franklin Avenue, the broad thoroughfare in the center of town, is as busy as Main Street in any small American city. Its well stocked shops, restaurants and markets testify to the population's purchasing power. But back of Franklin Avenue, even Aliquippa has its share of the drab and bleak streets that characterize most American steel towns.

Since 1940, the union has controlled the seven-man town council. Michael Katchur, the jovial, imaginative union financial secretary, is president of the council, which consists of four Demo-

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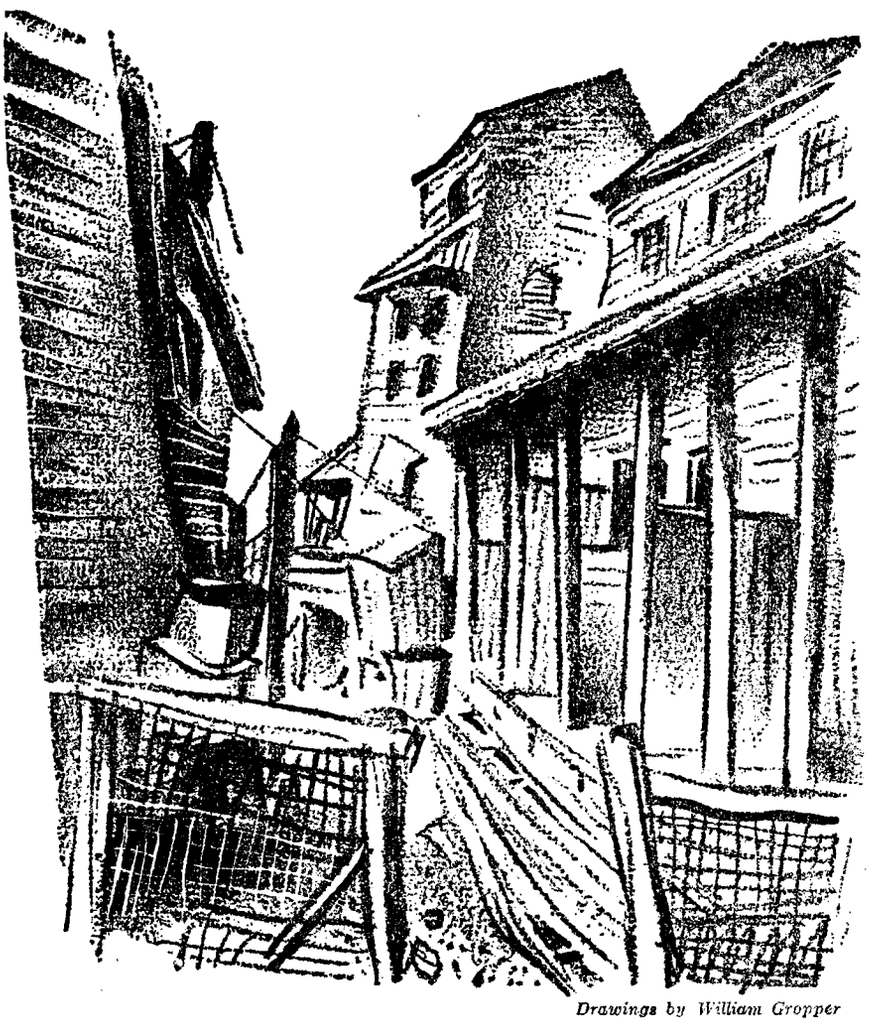
crats, all union men, and three Republicans.

In 1934, when the company held the town in its iron political grip, there were 26 registered Democrats in Aliquippa. Today there are 4,006. Though the Republicans outnumbered the Democrats by two to one at registration for the 1946 elections, and though both Pennsylvania and Beaver County went Republican, Aliquippa Democrats carried the town by 1,500 votes.

"Before the union came in," a pipefitter says, "I had to tip my hat politely to the company's town officials. Today I slap them on the back. I know them all from the mill." Charles Miller, a former grievance committeeman at J&L, commands a friendly 20-man police force, made up mainly of former shop stewards. "We used to pay 75 cents a month for garbage removal," a steelworker's wife says; "now it's free." The company has sold most of the houses it used to rent; today it owns only 175 at most and would like to sell them all. Gone is the planned-segregation system which had kept Negroes, Slavs, Italians and Anglo-Saxons divided, socially and politically. "It was the union," a millwright reports, "which started the ball rolling on getting new housing around here. They built 351 units up there on the hill. They are clean and people like them." The town has a contract with the United Public Workers' Union, CIO, representing Aliquippa employees.

In 1942, the Aliquippa local bought a sizable bank building as its union hall, which has now become the social center of town. The basement houses a well equipped gymnasium. Sports programs are sponsored by an athletic committee headed by a full-time director, Walter T. Casey. Three times a week socials are held for the town's teen-agers at the moderate fee of 25 cents. Union and non-union people alike participate in these activities. Last Labor Day the local put on a fiesta with sports competitions, a merry-go-round and other amusements for the kids, dancing for the middle-aged and old, a speech for those who cared to listen.

These days Aliquippa is waiting for its $400,000 recreation and amusement park voted by the town council on union initiative. The site is a beautiful wooded hollow within walking distance of town. Plans have been made for tennis and softball courts, a skating rink, a small stadium seating 5,000 people, and picnic stoves. "With his own people in office," Mike Katchur says, "the workingman can get somewhere."



Drawings by William Gropper

DESERTED COMPANY HOUSES IN ALIQUIPPA

"Little Siberia"

LIFE in Aliquippa has not always been so placid. History is living memory in the town, and only younger men take for granted what the union has done for them. Older workers speak of the past as if it were only yesterday.

The union began its career in Aliquippa on the evening of June 19, 1937, when tough Joe Timko organized SWOC's first meeting in the town. Eighteen men, besides company spies, attended. Two weeks later, 14 of them had been fired from the mill.

Aliquippa in 1936 was completely dominated by J&L, as it had been for decades before. The company ran everything—the city council, the police, stores, housing, street cars and bus lines. An ingenious device of dividing company-owned real estate into sections or "plans" in which races and nationalities were segregated, artificially fostered prejudice and destroyed community feeling. Rent was checked off the payroll. Strangers were often thrown into jail overnight and driven out of town next morning. Spies in company pay kept a close watch over the working people in bars and restaurants. Those who grumbled lost their jobs and homes.

When the huge steel strike of 1919 closed down steel mills all over the country, Aliquippa had remained untouched. Bill Foster's organizers had been effectively kept out of town. There was little need to break up meetings with company-hired hoodlums as in other steel towns; there was no need to

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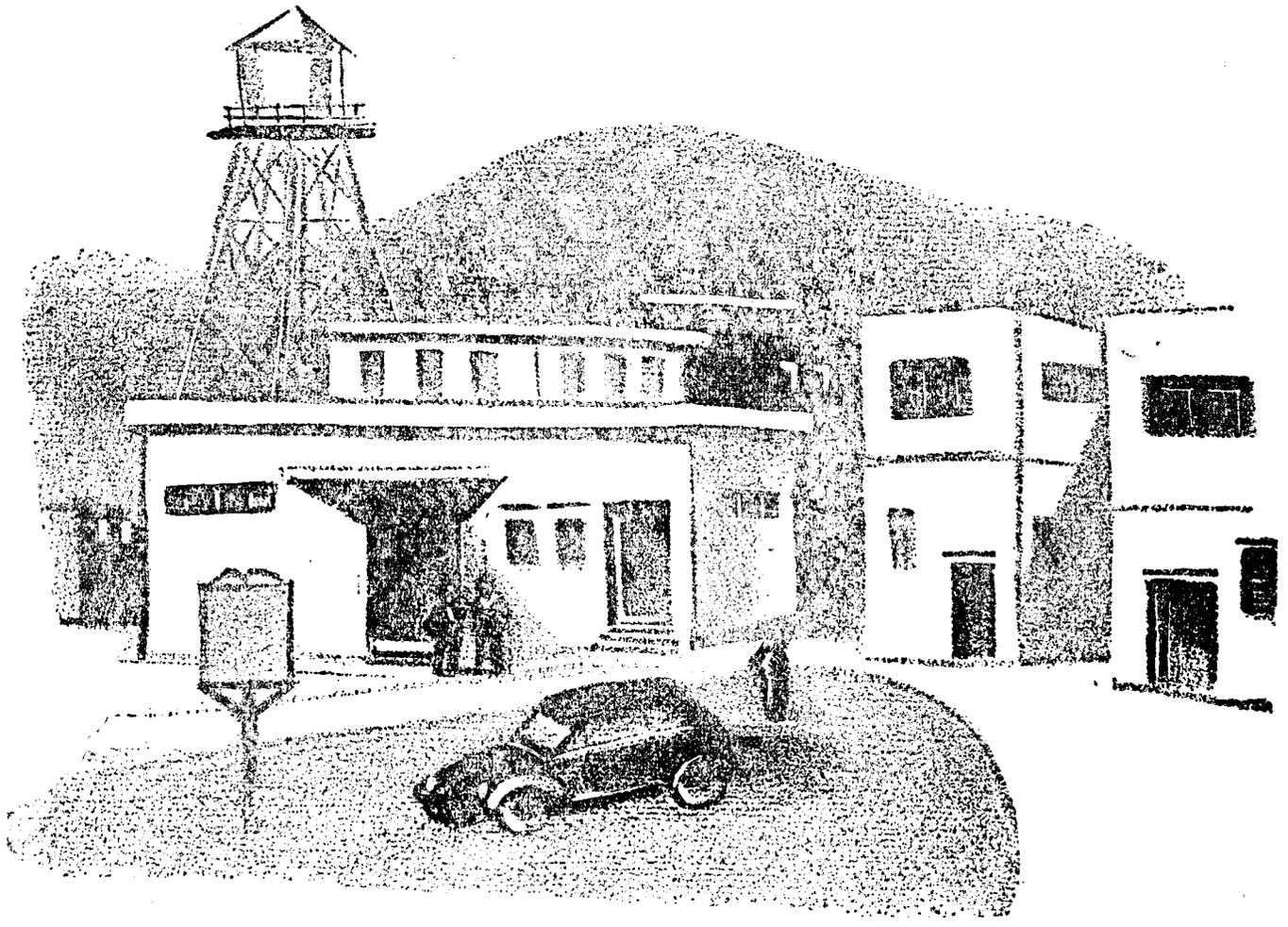

MODERN HOUSING—UNION STYLE

import Negroes or Mexicans as scab labor, as was the practice in US Steel-controlled mills. The town had earned the reputation of being "Little Siberia."

The New Deal created an atmosphere of change in steel towns across the country. But for several years the steelworkers made little progress. Company unions cropped up everywhere and J&L quickly had its own example operating in Aliquippa. Joe Timko's men were shadowed, beaten up and discharged. Workers feared being seen talking to strangers. Three men on the street added up to a crowd.

The steel industry fought SWOC's campaign with all its power and resources. Between June 24 and July 1, 1936, the American Iron and Steel Institute published full-page advertisements in 375 daily newspapers at a cost of almost $500,000—which was as much money as SWOC had for its entire campaign.

In Aliquippa the company organized an anti-union Committee of Five Hundred. The local paper, the *Gazette,* saw eye-to-eye with the company. "Pay days will stop," it editorialized on its front page, July 10; "violence and hatred will start. This is always the outcome of the coming into town of the organizer, the agitator, the Communist. Who shall say that there is any difference between any of the three? Citizens of Aliquippa, the resentment that should be shown by us should be the same as that shown toward a mad dog."

SWOC members were arrested on drunkenness and disorderly-conduct charges. Fines were checked off the company payroll by special arrangement with the police. Each steel town told the same story. But SWOC's drive picked up strength none the less.

First break-through

ON MARCH 2, 1937, word reached Aliquippa that Carnegie-Illinois and SWOC had signed a preliminary contract. It was electrifying news to Joe Timko and his little band of organizers. US Steel accepted the union's demand for a $5 daily minimum wage; a 40-hour week with time and a half for overtime; a week's vacation after five years of service; seniority; and a five-step grievance-adjustment system. The new 62.5-cent hourly wage meant a 16.6-cent increase over the basic rate paid nine months earlier at the time of SWOC's founding.

The floodgates were opened. By March 20, 23 companies, including US Steel subsidiaries, had signed. But J&L, along with other "Little Steel" companies, kept on fighting. Negotiations proved futile. SWOC decided to strike in Aliquippa.

A successful strike, the union knew, would break the tradition of failure which still frightened many workers. On the other hand, defeat would mean new retaliations on the part of the company. When strike action was taken in

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Aliquippa on May 12, it was complete. Wrote a friendly eye-witness:

> No one, not even the union, believed it possible. It was fantastic. They expected to get the men out, certainly. But not all of them, and not without some opposition from "loyal groups" or from city or company police. The walkout was complete. For the first time in years the valley is not brilliant orange at night with smoke and fire from the Bessemers. . . .

The strike lasted exactly 40 hours. When it was over, J&L signed a preliminary contract identical to US Steel's and agreed to NLRB elections. On May 20, SWOC won the elections by a vote of 17,028 to 7,207 at J&L's Aliquippa and South Side Works.

It's the pay envelope . . .

"WHAT in hell has the union done for me?" is not an uncommon question among younger Aliquippa steelworkers. Union officers answer the question by pointing to the pay envelope.

The Homestead steel strike in 1892 had been fought over wages. The common-labor rate then was 14 cents an hour, average hourly earnings were 23 cents, average take-home pay was $19.32 and the work week was 84 hours, or seven 12-hour days.

In 1936, after 44 open-shop years without a union, with no collective bargaining and take-it-or-leave-it raises, the common labor rate was 47 cents an hour, average hourly wages were 66 cents and average weekly earnings were $26.40. The work week was 40 hours.

Today, after ten years of the union, including the war period when wages were frozen under the "Little Steel" formula, an Aliquippa common laborer gets 96.5 cents an hour, average hourly wages are $1.31 and average weekly earnings are $52.40.

The union officers can answer the question, too, by pointing to James Byrd and the grievance committee. James Byrd is one of 10 grievance committeemen at J&L's Aliquippa works. He is employed in the mill's by-products plant. He is a Negro. James Byrd comes frequently to the union's offices to discuss grievances with USA's two national representatives—diplomatic Joseph Krivan, a former local president, or Michael Keller, PAC chairman and Democratic Party boss. They deal with the company in all grievance questions that cannot be settled within the plant by the men themselves. About 30 to 40 cases come to their attention every month. To handle them requires skill, tact, tolerance, sometimes righteous indignation.

USA contracts provide for a grievance-adjustment system of five steps. Steps one and two seek to solve grievances within the plant. Step three carries the case to the general superintendent. Step four brings in the union's national representatives. Step five is arbitration. In the big steel companies the arbitrator is a full-time man. His decisions are final.

Grievance cases do much to hold the union together. Their satisfactory settlement in favor of the workers is perhaps the union's most important activity. In Aliquippa's by-products plant, 14 colored workers, a team on a particular machine, were recently assigned to other jobs after a labor-saving device

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reduced the number of men needed to four. Instead of picking these four from the 14 Negroes, the easier and better-paid jobs had been given to four white men who had no seniority. The union's position is that four high-seniority colored workers should have been given the new jobs. This would have been a promotion to which they were justly entitled. James Byrd and his 14 men are presently waiting for the decision of J&L arbitrator Penniman. They are confident that they will win the case.

Control of the union in Aliquippa is vested in the hands of Local 1211. Once a month, Local 1211 calls a meeting of its 10,000 members at the Union Hall under the chairmanship of quiet, elderly president Thomas J. Breslin. Like all union officers, he is elected for two years and is now serving his second term. His job is not "secure." There were five or six presidents before him, and the membership can throw him out of office. But Tom Breslin is well liked. So is financial secretary Mike Katchur, who is more than a union wheelhorse. Scholarly-looking recording secretary John Babich gives his time to straightening out wage rates and compensation.

The average attendance at membership meetings is about 150 to 200. In view of the local's size, this figure may seem small. But it is no indication of rank-and-file disinterest in union affairs. Through a well organized system of shop stewards and grievance committeemen, local officers are in close touch

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with what goes on in the plant. Union offices are always open to the rank and file.

Aliquippa officers and members are equally concerned with the union's finances. Membership meetings alone control the expenditure of local funds. Due to the check-off that has been included in 82 percent of the union's contracts, financial secretary Katchur's task is relatively easy. As half of a member's $1.50 monthly dues and one-third of his initiation fee are refunded to the local by the international union, Aliquippa's resources are considerable. At the end of the first half of 1946, Local 1211 was refunded $35,518.

"We conduct all our financial operations in a public fishbowl," David McDonald, international secretary-treasurer, once said. His statement is not exaggerated. The union's semi-annual financial report, audited by Main and Company in Pittsburgh, is more detailed than that of any steel company. Copies of the report are widely distributed.

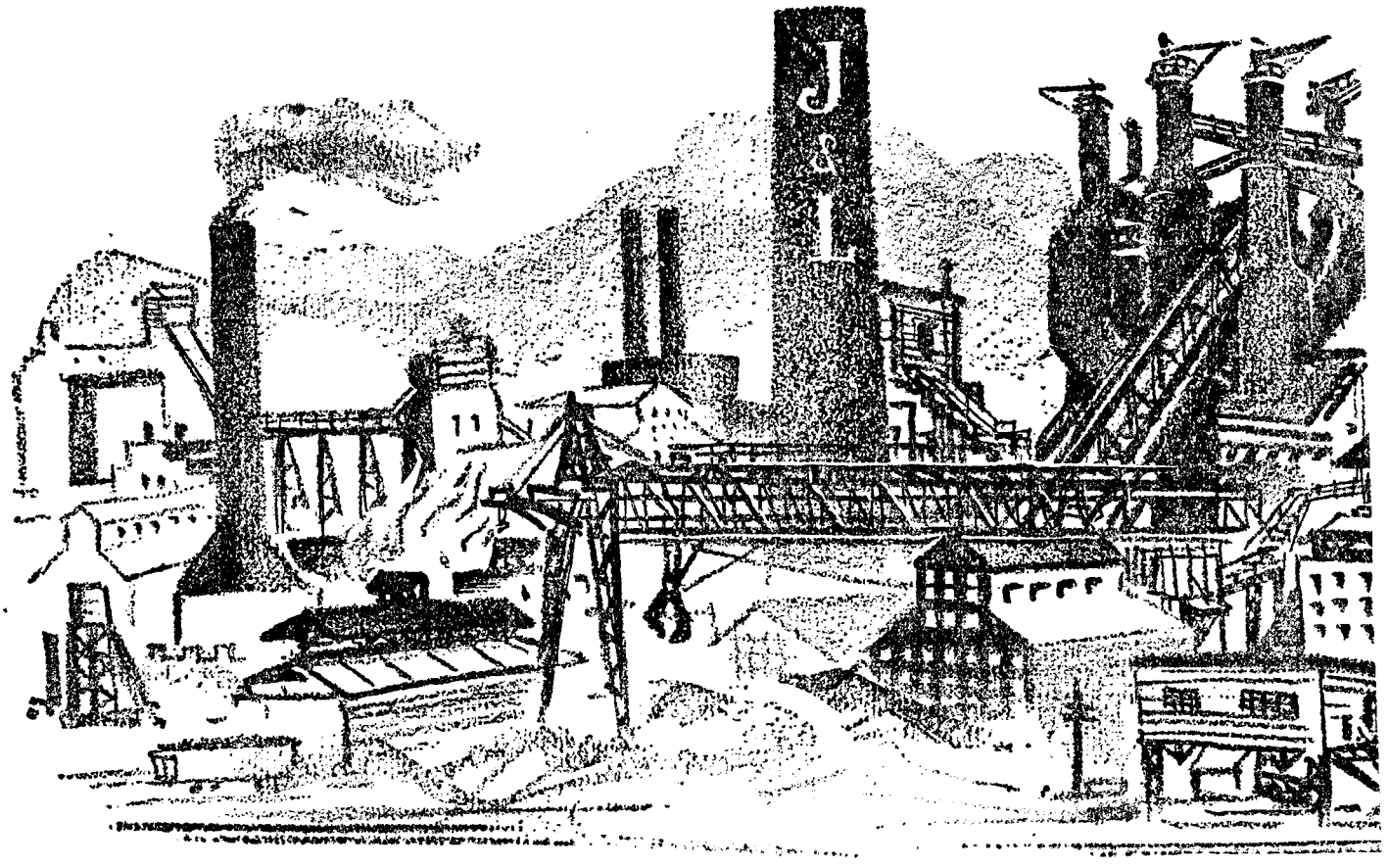
Aliquippa officers are responsible administratively to district director Bert Hough, a steelworker for 20 years who has remained close to the men in the mills. Like all of the union's 36 district directors, he serves for two years and is elected in a secret-ballot referendum by the workers of his area. Along with the union's top officers, the district directors form the International Executive Board, which meets at least twice a year. If they lose the confidence of the members they find themselves out of office when election time rolls around.

Phil is OK

MEMBERSHIP control is still in the experimental stage, for democracy in the union is only two years old. For eight years—from its inception as the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee down to 1945—it was directed from the top down. Its staff, largely drawn from other established unions, ran the union on a basis of administrative, rather than electoral, responsibility. Orders went from the central offices to the district bureaus and were obeyed by a tightly disciplined corps of appointees. The first national referendum for international officers was held only two years ago, but to a large extent control from the top still persists.

To such criticism of undemocratic practice, the union leaders reply that in the ten years of uncertainty and struggle through which they have lived, discipline and control have been necessary, that democracy must be built slowly, and that it is growing. They feel that there has been little to gain by throwing the union open to the hazardous free-for-all which has split such unions as the United Automobile Workers and the National Maritime Union. When Phil Murray meets with the recently elected members of his board, they talk back, tell him what they want and what they think is wrong with the union; but when such discussion is over, the union moves to act in public as a solid phalanx.

A great part of the trust the union men have in their top bureaucracy is pinned on their faith in Philip Murray. He has successfully steered the union through the stormy years of organization, the sacrificial war years, the readjustment-to-peace period. He is a skilled negotiator at the collective-bargaining table, knows the steel business from alloys to zoisite, and understands the problems of supply, production and marketing as well as any industry executive.



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"Phil Murray," say the men in the mills, "is OK." His personal prestige in the union leaves no room for rivalry. When he presides over the union's 2,600 delegates at the biennial conventions, his word carries weight chiefly because of the emotional faith in his personality.

Tomorrow's task

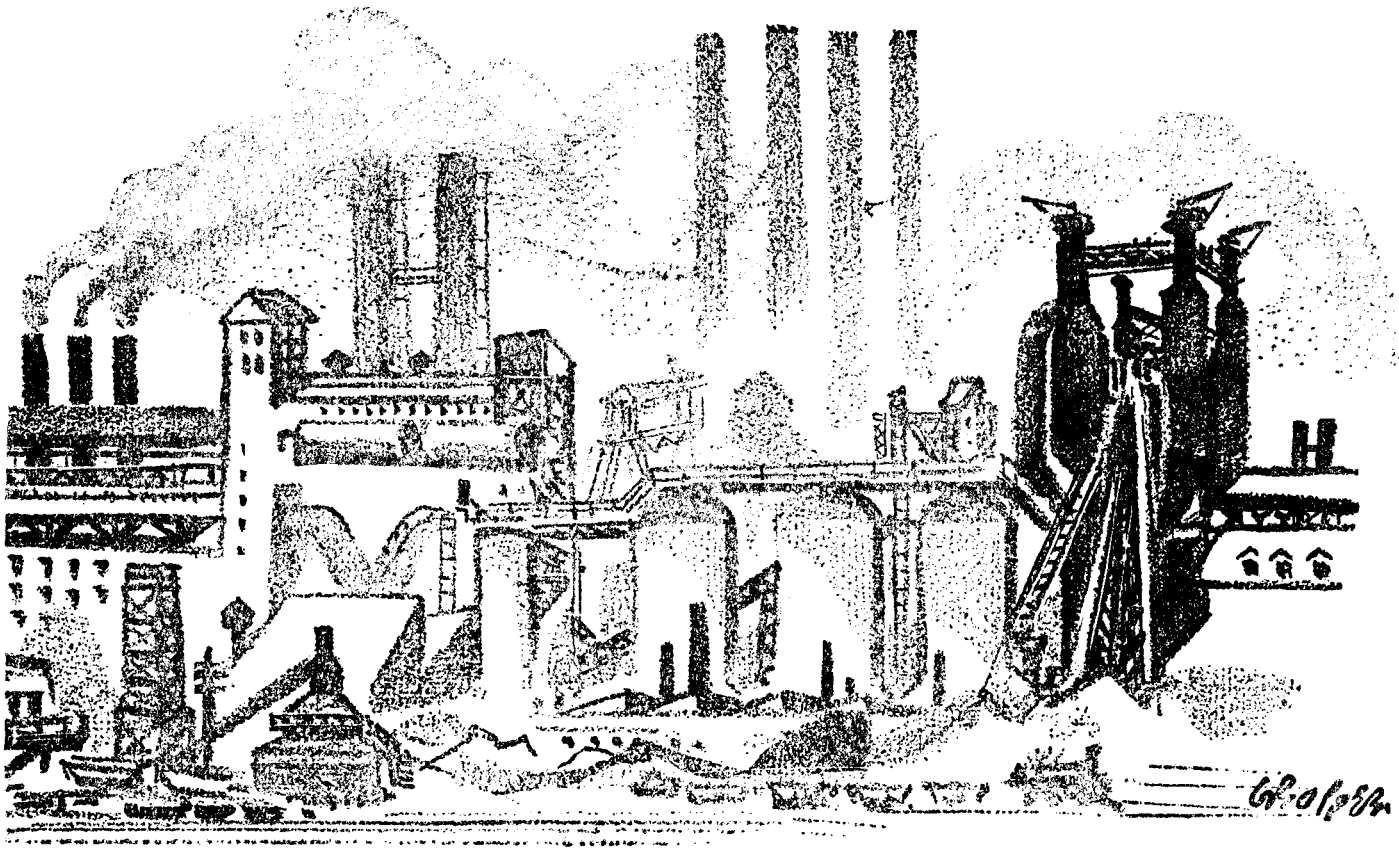
THE steelworkers have displayed a sense of responsibility to both nation and industry. Steel's no-strike pledge during the war was not just a negative policy. It was a policy that was implemented by the willingness of high union officers to take government jobs, by the energies that pushed capacity for steel-ingot production from 81.6 million tons in 1940 to 95.5 million in 1945. Through its Production Engineering Service, the union helps smaller steel firms with their production and technical problems.

Politically, the union feels it discharges its responsibility by its participation in the CIO-PAC. It supported the third and fourth terms of Roosevelt, has supported the Murray-Kilgore reconversion bill, the Bretton Woods agreements, the reciprocal-trade program and the United Nations Charter. Its Washington office has fought for retention of the OPA, the full-employment bill, minimum-wage legislation, the national housing bill and improved veterans' legislation.

Despite its strength, the steelworkers' union went under politically in the tide of Republican victory last fall. It elected several progressive congressmen from key steel districts; but, like other unions, it failed to marshal its huge human resources to swing closely contested districts. It retained its local influence in strong steel towns, in spite of a defeat in Pittsburgh, its great stronghold. But on the whole, the steelworkers' record was not much more impressive than that of other CIO unions.

As one of the CIO's most important unions, the USA's philosophy and program will contribute to shaping the character of American labor in the next decade. Up to now, it has largely contented itself with a practical, workaday, bread-and-butter program of action. Like most of the large, mass unions, it lacks the broad, guiding social philosophy which distinguishes a union like the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Its educational efforts have been restricted to training a select number of members and officers in labor problems and management relations. It has done almost nothing to educate the rank and file. Among the great unions of the nation, steel has one of the most primitive education budgets. During the first six months of 1946, the union spent only about $14,000 for pamphlets out of a total appropriation of almost $1.5 million; there is no allowance for education as such.

The flavor of Samuel Gompers' "pure and simple trade unionism" at international headquarters only reflects the local picture in the mill towns. It is the conviction of the union's leaders that the union's chief job is to maintain the worker's right to organize, select representatives of his own choosing, meet the employer on an equal footing in questions of pay, hours and working conditions. By concentrating on these objectives, they have avoided the factional strife that has long plagued other unions. The union seems to feel that its standard answers to the question, "What in hell has the union done for me?" are enough.



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"Nothing's too good for the boys"

by Ralph G. Martin

Jobless vets line up for their $20 weekly allowance, wondering what will happen to them when their year of grace is up

Los Angeles

IN A well decorated Hollywood living room, several friends were having their after-dinner smoke.

"Now take those veterans in the 52-20 clubs. I tell you, the government is making bums out of our boys. Why should those boys work? They're living off the fat of the land. . . ."

THEY were waiting out in the rain, the mob of them, waiting for the doors to open. Then they filed in quickly, filling up the long lines without too much noise, as if they had been doing it for a long time now. They simply stood in line, shuffling slowly toward the clerks' windows. There was no laughter and not much talk. If you looked at their faces, you could feel some of the shame in their silence.

In this huge unemployment-insurance office in Los Angeles, only a few of the veterans knew the answers. The rest talked in question marks.

The short, almost bald man didn't want to give his name. He still had some pride left, he said. "Not much, but some."

He used to be a rug salesman in Detroit. War made him a radar specialist and the Navy discharged him with a back disability. "No rug handling," said the doctor, "do something else." Anybody want a middle-aged man with 15 years' sales experience? When Detroit said no, he came to Los Angeles.

"Everybody here tells me they've got their own returning veterans to take care of," he said rubbing his head. "Do you know the only job offer I've got so far? Night janitor at $34 a week."

He looked up. "You know what? I may even take it. What can you do when you've got three kids?" He shook his head. "But you'd think that with 15 years' sales experience . . ."

It was his turn next at the window and the woman asked him automatically if he had been available for work during the past seven days. He just nodded. When she handed him his check, he stuck it into his pocket and, without looking at anybody, headed for the door.

It was like a game. You walked down a line slowly and suddenly you stopped and looked at a face and asked questions. This one wasn't ashamed to give his name. "The hell with it," he said. "Who gives a damn?"

He was a big heavy guy, this Leo Zale—formerly employed as a rifleman with I Company, 105th Regiment, 27th Division. Before that, he had been a crane operator in a shipyard, a jack hammerman in a gold mine. "Even tried to get a job as a painter's helper but they tell me I haven't got enough experience. Well, where in the hell am I supposed to get experience?"

He talked loudly, his voice full of bitterness, about the sign in the harbor, "WELCOME HOME, BOYS—JOB WELL DONE"; and about how he slept on the beach for the first five days after his discharge because no one had a room for him. ". . . You can write that in your little notebook. . . ."

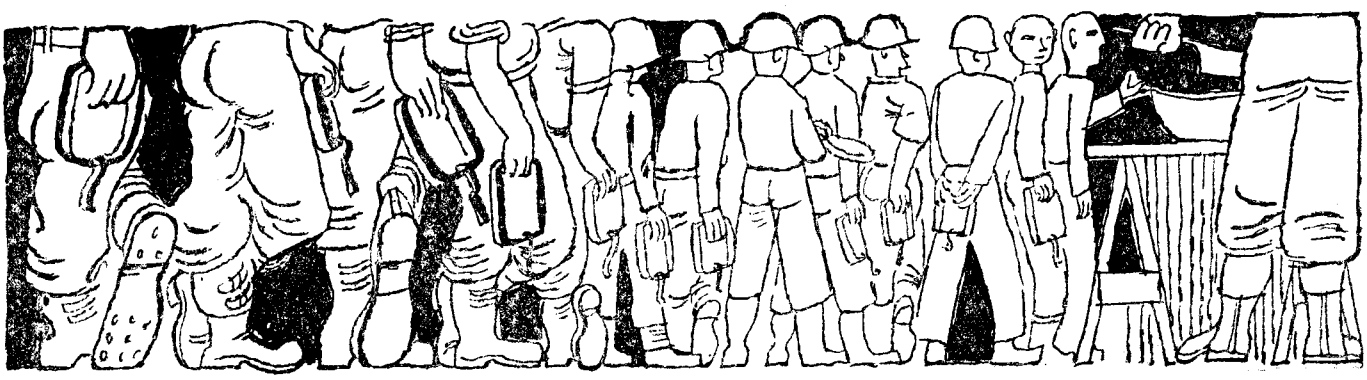
His voice got softer. "And my wife left me. I've got a four-year-old kid I've never even seen."

What about his old Army buddies?

"Most of them died on Okinawa." He half smiled. "I was supposed to be lucky. . . ."

Last hired, first fired

WALKING up and down the lines, you only saw the tiredness and the bitterness. Inside the offices, all was sweetness and light. The small, round man, who didn't want to be quoted, you understand, said that everything was fine and dandy. Things were really picking up, yes, siree. Fewer than 9,000 veterans are coming here every week for their checks now, while once there had been 16,000. Matter of fact, the colored boys made up half the load now. You know what they say about those colored boys



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—last ones hired, first ones fired. Just can't find jobs for them. No, siree. Same with the Mexicans and Filipinos and Japanese boys. Yes, sir, if it weren't for them, our office would have a lot better record. . . .

You couldn't tell this to Harold Vaughan. He sold his bootblack stand on Hollywood and Vine to enlist in the Army. It has been nine months since he had a job. His wife's having a baby. Last ones hired; first ones fired.

And the broad-shouldered Mexican American, an engineer-gunner on a B-17 who spent most of the war in a PW camp in Nuremberg. He was an experienced bookkeeper, he said. Had all kinds of references. Almost a year without a job. "How do you think a grown man like me feels to have his wife support him?"

There was the very young Nisei vet who was so shy that he blushed when you spoke to him. He had been out of work for a long time but this was his first check. His face flushed deeper when he said slowly, "And I don't think I'll come here again."

The bums were there, too. The small rotten handful. You could almost close your eyes and listen to the few loud voices and pick them out. As in that song lyric, they were jerks before they got into the service, and now—they're still jerks. They were the ones here who were bitching so loudly about the length of the lines and the red tape and the weather and how they could get all kinds of wonderful jobs for all kinds of money but they didn't feel like it right now. They were the ones who went back home and told their friends about the government gravy train, how every "52-20 club" member was having a paid vacation. They were the few who gave a bad name to the whole setup.

One loud mouth was telling his uninterested neighbors on the line that he was opening a big store in Hollywood next week. A little man with an old face asked him why the hell he was standing here on line if he had so much dough. The big, handsome, blond guy slapped the little guy on the back, "Why not, bud? It's free, isn't it?"

They knew what they wanted

BEHIND the big desk the man said that almost 80,000 veterans had filed initial claims at this office alone, but that there were fewer than 25 "exhaustions" a week—that is, 25 vets who had received all 52 payments.

In other words, the job picture was a shifting thing. A vet would take a job, quit, come back for his unemployment checks, take another job, quit. They'd do that until they found something they liked to do, something with security and a living wage and a future. Then they'd take root, he said. The big trouble was that most jobs paid so little, he added. Lunches and carfare brought $30 salaries down to the same thing 52-20 gave for free, so you could hardly blame some men for quitting.

But not everybody here was groping for hope. Bill White still knew how to laugh. A tall man with a thin mustache and without a line on his face, he had just arrived from Minnesota in a homemade trailer and wasn't worried: "Who ever heard of a good interior decorator starving to death?"

Jerry Rice also knew what he wanted. But when Rice laughed it was wistful. Thirty wasn't old, was it? OK, so maybe he wasn't as snappy as these kids who tried out for chorus-boy jobs. But then he didn't want to be a chorus boy. He had gone through that routine. Pasadena Playhouse, Shakespearian Festival, summer stock companies, even a few bit parts in movies; an up-and-comer going places.

Well?

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's remarkable how many different ways people can say no. The interviewer here keeps telling me there are no jobs for actors, that I should try something else. But I told him, what's the use of my life if I can't do the one thing I want?"

Martin Yoho of Fort Scott, Kansas, and Corregidor had the same problem. Only he had no choice. He had kept up his boyhood dream about being a mechanic, but three years and four months in a prison camp did something to his eyes. His last job was packing crates.

"They fired me because they said I wasn't interested enough in my work." He hesitated. "I guess they were right."

"If it wasn't for this . . ."

NEAR the door, Harold Berger was waiting for the heavy rain to stop. He had quit a good-paying job in an upstate New York post office to come here, he said. He was going to write scripts for his old Army buddy who was master of ceremonies at a big Hollywood night club. They were going to tie up as a team and travel all over the country, maybe even Europe.

He talked quickly, brightly. Then he looked at the check in his hands and his face sagged. His eyes followed the short line to booth in the alley. "CASH YOUR CHECKS HERE—ONLY A DIME."

The words came out more slowly. "I hope you didn't mind the monologue," he said. "I talk that way every once in a while to try to convince myself. My friend was in the Army too long, so he lost his contacts. Me, I'm broke." He flicked his check. "If it wasn't for this . . ."

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United Nations News

The Wheels Turn

RUSSIA'S Andrei Gromyko, a quiet, dead-pan diplomat, was unbending last week as he discussed his reasons for abstaining from the vote on a disarmament commission. It was a new departure for Gromyko and another indication that his country's views as well as his own have changed in the past few months.

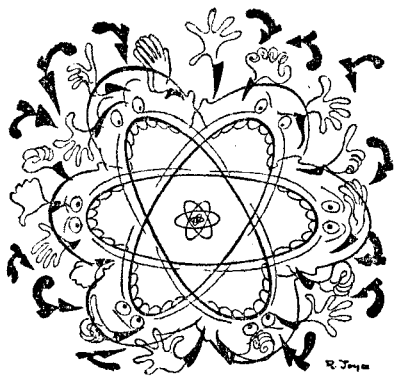
What happened last week in the field of disarmament and its most difficult offspring, atomic energy, gave promise that the UN's greatest and most imaginative plan for securing the peace would eventually meet with success. The Security Council, after an exhaustive wrangle, had agreed to establish a Commission on Conventional Armaments and to continue its discussion of atomic control.

Gromyko had taken the trouble to explain to the press that, while he did not consider the functions of the new commission as comprehensive as they might have been, he nevertheless considered the commission a step in the right direction. He had abstained from voting for the commission because he wanted it to handle atomic control as well as the control of planes, tanks and guns. But since his country had proposed the original General Assembly disarmament plan, and since above all he wanted successful disarmament, he had not used his veto to kill a plan which everyone else thought might work.

The new commission, within three months, will report back to the Security Council with a plan for general disarmament and for an international police force—a task which the Military Staff Committee has so far failed to discharge. For the first time the question of disarmament has been pinned down and assigned, without bypassing the work of the Atomic Energy Commission or Bernard Baruch's veto-less control plan.

The atomic question is now being handled by the Council itself and, again, constructive action seems probable. When the Council met last week to take up the Baruch-sponsored atomic report submitted by its Atomic Energy Commission, Gromyko made what must be considered a very great concession to the United States. For the first time he came through with specific objections and changes, without rejecting the entire report. It is clear that he still disapproves of the move to abandon the veto, that he still wants destruction of existing bombs and a convention outlawing the bomb. But as in the case of the disarmament commission, he has decided that a veto of the entire report is no way to solve the problem, though he may abstain.

Ever since the General Assembly, when the use of the veto was debated, the Russians have made a point of abstaining rather than using their veto. This has been particularly noticeable in the disarmament debates and there are two important reasons for it: First, the US holds the atom bomb and has a large share of the world's destructive weapons. Any Soviet attempt to remain outside a control plan—even a US-sponsored control plan—would do more harm than good to the Russians. Second, the Russians want to make the UN work and they have long been convinced that securing the peace is the most important way to do that. They tried the veto and found that it had no real powers of persuasion. They are now ready to compromise their position to make sure that neither the UN nor its most important activities fail.



THE UN was due to receive one of its most severe headaches last week—a real Palestine migraine—to be discussed at next fall's session of the General Assembly as a political "situation." But since Britain is still governing Palestine under the terms of a League mandate, the decision on the "situation" probably won't end the matter. There is still the question of bringing the mandate discussion—who's to govern Palestine under a UN trust agreement, and how—out in the open.

By considering Palestine a "strategic" area, Britain could place trusteeship proposals before the Security Council now or later. She may choose to designate part of Palestine as "strategic," for Security Council consideration, and part as non-strategic, for General Assembly action. In this way the chances of preserving British interests in Palestine would be enhanced and Britain might be able to get rid of at least a portion of the Jew-Arab-oil-politics responsibility.

BUT while these two problems were occupying most of the news space on the front pages, the United Nations was considering other matters. For one thing, the Economic and Social Council's Transport and Communications Commission was setting a new UN speed record by completing a productive working session in eight days flat. During that time the commission decided to call a conference to create a world shipping organization for Europe, America and the Far East. It also discussed competition, safety at sea and plans for the reorganization of existing international aviation, postal and telecommunications groups.

MEANWHILE the fame of the United Nations was being carried to the end of the world by explorer Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Winging over the lofty, uncharted mountains of mid-Antarctica, Byrd dropped the 54 flags of the United Nations on what may turn out to be a UN trust territory or a US uranium source or a strategic outpost or just a south pole.

JANE BEDELL

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Labor

Unions and Politics

MEMBERS of the Senate Labor Committee had quite a time when William Green and Philip Murray took the witness stand last week to oppose pending labor legislation. The Senators insisted that the labor leaders present "constructive" ideas instead of simply coming in to attack the various bills proposed by Joseph H. Ball (R, Minn.) and others. But at the end it was still reasonably clear that "drastic" labor bills, barring some sharp change, would never get through the 80th Congress and past a presidential veto.

You sense now a kind of frustration among the congressmen who, a few weeks ago, were talking loudly of their "mandate" to "do something" about labor They are barred from certain actions by the constitutional prohibition on involuntary servitude. They are barred from other actions—an attack on the closed shop or industrywide bargaining, for example—by the facts of American history. They would have to repeal the cumulative developments of more than a century of industrial relations in order to eliminate these features of the collective-bargaining system. Feeling uncertain about their position, they hectored the labor leaders a little.

Murray got along more smoothly than Green, largely because CIO strategists were wise enough to realize that the best defense is an attack. Murray did not merely defend labor; he charged that the assault on labor came from "monopolists" of industry. But even Green did not fare badly. When Irving C. Ives of New York chided Green, saying that Congress was going to do something "at least" about jurisdictional strikes, it was a confession that Congress didn't really expect to do much more. So was the remarkably defensive speech of Republican House Floor Leader Charles A. Halleck of Indiana; who told the National Automobile Dealers' Association that to talk about all-out revision of the Wagner Act was "folly."

Some kind of labor bill eventually will roll out of Congress, but it is difficult to believe that its terms will surpass those of the Case bill vetoed by the President last session. The present guess is that the Senate, unless it is spurred to foolishness by some serious strike, would uphold another veto.

LABOR UNITY. – Press reports that the CIO had accepted an AFL invitation to discuss "merger" were excessively optimistic. In the union bureaucracies, the difficulty in breaking with habit and custom is as great as in government bureaucracies.

Murray and the CIO vice-presidents appointed a committee to meet with a similar AFL committee. But the CIO in Murray's letter to Green still talked about "effective measures" against pending anti-labor bills. Green's letter to Murray had specifically rejected the idea that effective measures of coöperation could be taken without actual unity. A few days later Murray renewed his invitation during a Senate-committee meeting by urging, in connection with jurisdictional strikes: "Now come on, let's perform a public service. Get Willie Green down here, appoint the members of your committee to sit in, if you will, and let's get this thing worked out."

The CIO, in short, is talking about functional coöperation; the AFL has said, up until now, that functional cooperation is impossible without organic union. This is a rock of dissension on which previous moves to reunite the AFL and the CIO have foundered. The CIO's theory—that the practice of working together might lay a basis for later organic union—is psychologically sound. But unless someone in the AFL gets really worried about the danger of a divided union movement, the latest peace moves are as likely to end in futility as earlier efforts.

There are too many vested interests at stake, too many union office holders whose tight little kingdoms and duchies would be disrupted by merger of the AFL and the CIO, too many conflicts between industrial unions with wide jurisdictions and AFL craft unions which dispute these jurisdictions. Nor is it only in the AFL and the CIO that jurisdictional conflicts and entrenched bureaucracies exist.

The railroad brotherhoods have long been celebrated as "responsible" unions. But the railroad brotherhoods have their own jurisdictional strains, between conductors and trainmen, between the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen. A rank-and-file Consolidation Committee of Enginemen is attempting to merge these latter brotherhoods; it charges that the existing separation is due solely to a "useless, reactionary, overpaid and overprivileged leadership," which for a quarter-century has kept railroad workers "divided and stalled in the most obsolete and antiquated trade-union structure in the world."

One of the arguments against adopting for all unions the principles of the Railway Labor Act, with its permanent mediation board and fact-finding machinery, is the fact that when a union is "stabilized" the rank and file has a hard time keeping up enough interest to maintain a sharp watch on the leadership.

UNION DEMOCRACY. – When Senator Taft said recently that either the closed shop should be abolished or more democracy put into unions, the alternatives seemed rather out of scale. The abolition of the closed shop would immediately disrupt existing patterns of bargaining and sharply affect millions of workers and their employers. To instill a little democracy into those unions dominated by crooked business agents or officers would appear to be a less heroic job.

However, just for the record, unions can sometimes be so thoroughly democratic that their turbulence rocks the labor-management boat. George Romney, director of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, plaintively remarked last year that "responsible" rather than "democratic" unions were the need of the motor-car industry. And the American Newspaper Guild is so thoroughly democratic that its locals can

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strike as they please, without approval of the national officers. The Philadelphia *Record* strike was approved by the Guild strategists, but clashes occurred later on. The earlier Los Angeles *Herald-Express* strike was called against the advice of national officers.

THE CIO AND POLITICS. – Part of the CIO internal struggle over political action was revealed when Philip Murray was elected, in his absence, as a vice-president of the Progressive Citizens of America, while James B. Carey and others gravitated to Americans for Democratic Action, which thinks the PCA isn't sound in admitting Communists.

A possible solution would be for Murray to withdraw from the PCA and other CIO leaders to pull out of the ADA, the public explanation being that the CIO's own Political Action Committee deserved the undivided attention of one and all. Unhappily, this solution would not settle the Communist issue within the CIO or the progressive movement, nor would it help build a large-scale liberal organization deriving much of its mass strength from the union rank and file.

STEEL NEGOTIATIONS. – While the labor cauldron still boiled on Capitol Hill, negotiations between US Steel and the United Steelworkers went on rather quietly, with most attention devoted to non-economic issues. (See "Violence Gives Way to Realism," page 21.)

Two National Labor Relations Board decisions—one on the intermediate stage—had caused the steel companies some concern, because they seemed to restrict "management rights" in laying off older employees and to allow unions to bargain over pension systems. Much of the actual bargaining in the steel industry, furthermore, takes place in continuing grievance procedure and on the basis of local agreements which implement a national master agreement. The steel companies have a natural desire to broaden the scope of "management-rights" clauses and narrow the scope of the grievance machinery—and the union has an equally understandable desire to resist any such movement.

WILLARD SHELTON

Farm

Health on the Farm

FARMERS' group-health associations, previously sponsored by Farm Security and now taken over by the new Farmers' Home Administration, need a doctor. "The boys who were transferred from Farm Credit to Farm Home Administration," a Department of Agriculture man told me recently, "want to give the health program a death blow as soon as possible." In fairness, one must say that the blame does not all lie with Dillard B. Lasseter, administrator of the new Farmers' Home Administration. Lasseter told me in the presence of several of the doctors who have been active in the medical-care program that he was 100 percent in favor of the Farm Security setup whereby low-income farmers are helped to better living and better health.

The principal fault lies with Congress, which abolished the Farm Security Administration and combined its credit functions with the Emergency Crop and Feed Loan Division of the Farm Credit Administration to form the new Farmers' Home Administration. Department of Agriculture people say that the crop and feed-loan people are opposed to the continuation of any but the lending features of the old Farm Security Administration. It was the influence of this group which led Robert W. Hudgens, associate administrator of the Farmers' Home Administration, to resign. Hudgens had been with Farm Security and believed in the cardinal principle of the FSA—that the farmer should be helped to help himself—and not just have money dished out to him.

The solicitor of the Department of Agriculture has recently interpreted the Farmers' Home Law to mean that the government could not assist in any way the medical-care associations set up by Farm Security. Since the associations are dependent in large part on assistance from county demonstrators, it is expected that the health associations will fall apart. Lasseter told me that the county demonstrators were being "thinned out."

Social services in general, previously provided by Farm Security, are petering out, but medical care for migrant workers continues. This work was originally begun by the FSA, and then was transferred to the War Food Administration in 1943. The service is free and is a direct subsidy to big-business agriculture, since only contract labor gets medical attention. As you would suspect, the people who are always hollering about subsidies interfering with free enterprise think this subsidy is just fine.

THE old setup in Farm Security provided a county demonstrator and a home economist for each county. These experts went into the homes of low-income families and helped them work out a comprehensive rehabilitation plan. Each family was required to raise a garden in order to increase its supply of vegetables and fruits and thus raise its nutrition level. The wife in the home received expert guidance in canning, preserving, sanitation and planning adequate diets. If possible, a cow was provided to furnish milk for the children. Screens were put on the windows to keep out disease-carrying flies, and the farmer was helped to plan his crops and his budget. I have visited farmers' homes many times with the county demonstration people. Invariably the family told me that the advice and education received from the men and women agricultural experts were just as indispensable to their rehabilitation as the money they borrowed from Farm Security.

The experience of the FSA proved that health is a nutrition problem and that the farmer needs help along this line. Generally, after being a FSA borrower for a while, the farmer reported that he "felt better." One group of FSA borrowers produced in 1940 an average of 266 quarts of fruits and vegetables for their own use, compared with the 139 quarts produced before they came to the FSA for aid. In 1941 physicians

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gave complete physical examinations to families of FSA borrowers in seven southeast Missouri counties. They found a striking relationship between anemia and the length of time the families had been on the FSA.

In the beginning Farm Security people were not concerned with health primarily, but they soon found they had to be because sick people didn't make good risks and low incomes weren't big enough to pay doctors on an individual basis.

Farmers are the sickest people in the county. Surveys and statistics have proved this over and over again. The death rate for typhoid and paratyphoid fever is three times as high in the country as the city. For diphtheria it is twice as high. Death rates for malaria and pellagra are many times higher. In Taos County, New Mexico, one infant out of 10 dies (national average—34 per 1,000); one-third of all children die before they're 18; and over half of the people die with no medical attention whatsoever. Farm Security found that in 30 Georgia counties 38 percent of the inhabitants had hookworm; in one county 80 percent had it. In another survey, Farm Security found 14 percent of farm women had varicose veins; one man in 12 had a hernia; 20 percent had hemorrhoids; and 42 percent of the wives had internal tears due to childbirth.

The reasons for such a situation are obvious. Before the war in 1,000 rural counties there was only one doctor for every 1,700 (one doctor for 650 people in the city). Doctors go where the money is; they don't like the country because they like to get paid. There is also a lack of other health services in the country; 1,400 counties have no health service and 1,250 have no hospitals. In 1940, rural Mississippi had 62 active nurses per 100,000 people while industrial Massachusetts had 403.

RURAL people needed and wanted health services when Farm Security entered the picture. The result was that group-health associations spread like wildfire in the late thirties. By 1940 about half a million farm people were subscribing to Farm Security voluntary health insurance. A few of the plans went on the rocks but most were highly successful. Even the American Medical Association came to recognize how necessary they were. Answers to a questionnaire in 1943 indicated that four out of five state and county members of the medical associations favored Farm Security Administration group-health plans.

These group-health plans functioned somewhat like a coöperative. Members paid into a common fund and the doctor they selected sent his bills to the association and was paid out of the pool. Farmers liked the system because they could get adequate treatment under the prepayment plan and doctors liked it because they got paid by people who before had been charity cases.

During the war, the plans suffered because workers and draftees went away and depleted the number of paying members. Doctors also left in large numbers; most rural areas oversubscribed their quota of Army and Navy doctors. The result was that many health associations fell apart. Since the war, however, there has been tremendous interest in rural health by many organizations, and many doctors interested in helping rural people have gone out to work for the people who need medical services the most.

THE over-all answer to the farmer's health problem is a compulsory health-insurance law (similar to the Wagner-Murray-Dingell national health bill introduced last year). Such a plan would include everybody and would be cheaper in the long run because preventive medical care could be practised on a wide scale. The battle for adequate medical care is only beginning. More groups are aroused than ever before. The fact that members of the American Medical Association have come out for the voluntary health plans which would be under the doctors' control indicates that they are worried.

More and more people are coming around to the idea that medicine and medical assistance should be controlled by the people. To let a man or woman or a child lie down and die because he can't afford a high-priced doctor is as ridiculous as it is criminal. When a mule gets sick he gets medical attention. A person should be treated at least as well as a mule. ANGUS MCDONALD

Books

Objects of Contemplation

IN HIS recent *European Witness,* an account of his travels in France and Germany in 1945, Stephen Spender summarized a lecture he gave in Paris:

> In this modern world of specialization in which there are no unifying symbols (unless the atomic bombs) the poets seek either boldly to use a modern environment of factory and slum symbolically, or else they try to invent pure unattached symbols devoid of association with either the past or the present, objects of contemplation around which meanings accumulate like the visions in the glass of a crystal gazer.

This is a perceptive and accurate statement of the main movement of English poetry in our time. It accounts for the earlier work of T. S. Eliot with its "damp souls of housemaids" and "Bradford millionaires" and for his unpeopled, contemplative *Four Quartets* of recent years. It characterizes the "Pylon" school of the early thirties, which included Spender himself, Auden and Day Lewis, with its "phallic factories," "Stock Exchange rumors" and "surrealist police," and the amazingly altered work of these same poets—joined by Louis MacNeice, Edith Sitwell and Dylan Thomas—in the present decade. Auden's *The Sea and the Mirror,* MacNeice's *Springboard,* Miss Sitwell's *Green Song* and Thomas' *Deaths and Entrances*—all published within the past two years—are "like the visions in the glass of a crystal gazer." And to these "objects of contemplation" there may be added Spender's current *Poems of Dedication* (Random House, $2).

Of the group of young English upper-class poets of left-wing sympathies, Spender has always been the most difficult to classify and the most unpredictable. Less directly "political" than Auden or Lewis in his earliest verse, his concern with day-to-day politics apparently outlasted theirs, but in *Poems of Dedication* his work has come full circle.

In Spender's *Poems* (1933) a char-

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Section VI of "Elegy for Margaret"

The final act of love
Is not of dear and dear
Blue-bird-shell eye pink-sea-shell ear
Dove twining voice with dove:

Oh, no, it is the world-storm fruit,
Sperm of tangling distress,
Mouth roaring in the wilderness,
Fingernail tearing at dry root.

The deprived fanatic lover,
Naked in the desert
Of all except his heart,
In his abandon must cover

With wild lips and torn hands,
With blanket made from his own hair,
With comfort made from his despair,
The sexless body in the sands.

He follows that bare path
Where the flesh guides to the skull
And the skull into hollows, full
Of delirium and death.

Dazed, he sees himself among
Saints, who slept with leprous sins,
Whose tongues grow on such ruins
And such a wild fire is his tongue—

"How far we traveled, sweetheart,
Since that day when first we chose
Each other as each other's rose,
And put all other worlds apart.

"Now we assume this coarseness
Of loved and loving bone
Where all are all and all alone
And to love means to bless
Everything and everyone."

acteristic poem was "The Express," which began:

After the first powerful plain manifesto
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside,
The gasworks . . .

In his new book one of several sonnets under the general title "Spiritual Explorations" begins:

You were born; must die; were loved; must love;
Born naked; were clothed; still naked walk
Under your clothes. Under your skin you move
Naked: naked under acts and talk.

Thus in the course of his own development Spender has exhibited each of the tendencies of contemporary verse that he had acutely diagnosed.

But if *Poems of Dedication* marks a further change in Spender's approach, it exhibits many of the qualities of his previous work. In a section of "Elegy for Margaret," the longest single poem in the volume, he is capable of an image so inexact as to be almost meaningless:

As though a distant moon
Shone through midsummer days
With the skull-like glitter of night

to arrive in a few lines at the terrible exactitude of:

Of what use is my weeping?
It does not carry a surgeon's knife
To cut the wrongly multiplying cells
At the root of your life.

Poems of Dedication, particularly in "Elegy for Margaret," reaches an intensity, almost an extravagance, of personal feeling that had been only latent in Spender's earlier work. Paradoxically, this emotion is enclosed in forms that may conveniently be labeled traditional. Altogether, it is an achievement, and one can only hope that its contribution to the stirrings of a poetic renaissance will be warmly recognized.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Cart Before Horse

At $2.50 Philip Wylie's *Essay on Morals* (Rinehart) is certainly a bargain: it "offers . . . a very clear answer to every individual and collective problem." And it has plenty of five-dollar words, like "idioglossaries," "archetypes," "perfervor," "equivocatiousness," "cyclicity," "primordial energy-time-ego blunder." The author must be an honest man, for when he utters a particularly raw slander against Russia he almost chokes on it and needs many words to get it out:

The very people who would resist such a scheme on the grounds that it is atrocious, and who take comfort against it because it would be illegal any place on earth excepting perhaps in Russia (where, I daresay, the fear of its findings might be, actually, greatest on this earth) —the people, that is, who reject the idea of using man to learn about man on the grounds that human life is sacred—are by and large the very people who insist upon a present status quo which has destroyed millions of us in a generation of wars and which, hour by hour, increasingly risk the lives of every single human being.

Lincoln Steffens once said that a writer is a man who loves words. But must he put them all in one sentence?

The main point of this book is that psychology comes first, and understanding and improvement of economic and social conditions afterwards, if at all. It is "our failure to grasp firmly and at the same time the oppositeness of our instincts" which, according to Wylie, is the cause of national booms and depressions.

The author's line-up of friend and foe is enlightening. On the one side are "the pure part of a few minds, a very few," those who do not "compromise with the moral order of instinct"—apparently those whose unconscious is collective (though their bargaining is not). On the other side are "the many . . . the rabble . . . the liberals, the intellectuals, the humanists, the leftists, the economic evangelists, the 'realists,' the scientists and the 'spokesmen' for science."

For the author's preceptor, Carl Jung, earth has a mystical meaning. Many years ago he deplored the fact that workers had lost touch with the morality of the earth. Later he wrote about the great god Wotan, glorifying this symbol of the "blood and soil" philosophy of the Nazis. No wonder the author makes a crack about Henry Wallace, for whom earth means agriculture and food and milk for the people. Wylie believes that the understanding of instincts must come first, "*before* the milk.'

Wylie in the past has frightened us with such slightly wild books as *Generation of Vipers* and soothed us with *Saturday Evening Post* yarns of fishing off the Florida keys. His thinking in the present instance is no clearer than his style. He indulges in vast generalizations, some of them platitudes, some

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obscurely profound, some patently false, most of them intellectually irresponsible. For example: "Psychology is the science of consciousness"; "ancient philosophy is irrelevant; "compulsion [is a] standard description of instinct"; "the mind of modern man is in a murderous and hysterical condition"; "we have gone insane, we are all mad"; "the sex life of the United States of America . . . is very close to ruin"; "man's inhumanity to man is but his own exploitation of himself" (I had always thought it was exploitation by other men); "the number of homosexuals in the nation is increasing rapidly" (my old teacher in psychiatry, Kraepelin, used to say to such pronouncements: "How does he know?"); "during the war, infidelity among the wives of soldiers was the chief liability to morale" (having treated many soldiers' wives during the war, I recognize this as a particularly false statement).

If you want to befuddle people's minds, the latter-day philosophy of Jung is a safe bet. The Nazis tried it and it worked. Although there is no dearth of popularizations and anthologies of Jung, Wylie has set himself the task of propounding the Jungian system, in which he sees the cure-all for our ills. He is unequipped to do so, evidently having no knowledge of the great contributions to clinical psychiatry and psychoanalysis made by Jung in his early career or of the deviations from science in his later writings. Wylie is very apologetic about the fact that Jung "favored the Nazis" and "seems to have been closely associated with the Nazis." He thinks that in this Jung has just "erred." He fails to see the close inner connection between the mystical individualistic and obscurantic theories of Jung and the political need for philosophical rationalization on the part of the Nazi propagandists. This has little to do with the personality of Dr. Jung, or even with his school; similar and perhaps even more insidious trends are discernible today among conservative American Freudian analysts.

Moral problems are the problems of man in society. Most human suffering and wrongdoing come not from the inheritance of instincts, but from the transmission of false rationalizations and ideologies. Like Jung, Wylie sees the explanation of fascism in psychological terms. That is the great evasion now so widely popularized to keep people from looking for real causes and real remedies. But fascism, like this book, is the symptom of a disorder that cannot be cured by psychoanalysis.

FREDERIC WERTHAM

Cartel Pamphlet

IN SPITE of congressional investigations, reports by the Department of Justice and a whole shelfful of learned books, it is probable that many millions of citizens do not know how cartels operate and how their restriction of production and price-boosting rob all of us in the kitchen, the corner drug store, the dentist's office and almost every other place where consumers' money is paid out. Darel McConkey has done his best to explain it in *Out of Your Pocket* (Pamphlet Press, $1). McConkey knows what he is talking about because he worked for three years on the staff of the Kilgore Committee. Every statement of fact which he makes is checked by reference to some official document or equally authoritative source.

THE publisher and the author together have tried to make this warning attractive to readers afraid of highbrow books which they regard as dull, or to readers unimpressed by simple statements which are not sufficiently spiced for the jaded appetites customarily stimulated by slick magazines and Sunday supplements. Perhaps it is less forbidding to the newsstand buyer because it has a paper instead of a cloth cover and because, with its standard magazine-size pages, it includes as many words as would ordinarily be included in a book selling for more than twice the price. Chapter headings like "Got a Match?" "Grandma's Spectacles" and "Gramp's False Teeth" sound as if they had been thought up by a high-salaried slogan writer. The writing itself makes a heroic attempt to be as attention-catching as a radio commercial. It is to be hoped that by dint of such devices the author will be heard amid the American babel of inconsequential merchandising. I approve of his intention and wish him success.

As for myself, however, I found the story difficult to follow. Big-business operations are intricate, no matter how much one tries to simplify them. When sliced up by staccato and highly condensed style, boiled down to conversational idiom and covered with sauce piquante, they are hardly recognizable. And in spite of the skill of the cook, one frequently bites on hard, indigestible lumps which contrast alarmingly with the creamy texture of the whole dish. One wonders whether, even if thousands of new readers are attracted by this sort of cuisine, they will come

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"I'm so glad you're a writer—I'm just full of themes and ideas."

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away with much beyond the general conviction that cartels are wicked.

Well, cartels *are* wicked, and it is something if that fact can become widely known. But if we assume that democracy requires real understanding of great economic and social issues, shall we not have to educate a growing body of readers to use the tools of understanding? Is it enough to "sell" them progressive views by the same tricks which have been devised with such great ingenuity to dull their powers of criticism and independent thought? The really great pamphleteers, it is true, have been successful competitors in the market place of ideas, but their success seems to me to have depended on distinguishing themselves from the hucksters by their manner as well as by their substance.

GEORGE SOULE

Soldiers' Album

"SOLDIERS' ALBUM" (Houghton Mifflin, $5) is a pictorial record of the war in Europe from D-Day to victory. Its editors, Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy and Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Bregstein, were thoroughly qualified for the task they undertook. Dupuy was in charge of SHAEF's newsroom, its most important single public-relations function; Bregstein was pictorial chief of SHAEF public relations. The result of their effort is an excellent selection of war photographs, taken from the files of G-2, Signal Corps, war correspondents and anyone with a camera.

The book is well organized and tells a comprehensive, chronological story of the war's every phase. The editors have bent over backward in an effort to avoid overdue credit for any particular unit, and the general picture is consequently one of teamwork. The services, too often forgotten in their seemingly unromantic work, receive in this book their proper share of recognition, and one entire section is devoted to the efforts of the Transportation Corps, Engineers, QM and the like.

Soldiers' Album has one weak spot: poor coördination between a well written text and maps that give too general a picture of the operations involved. This tendency toward over-simplification has resulted in the mention of places that can't be found on the maps. The picture would have been clearer and more interesting if the divisions which figured in the action had been shown. Situation maps, actually used by staff officers in the war, if shown with appropriate legends, wouldn't be unintelligible to the average reader. Otherwise, *Soldiers' Album* is one of the best of the many postwar documentaries.

Some of the combat shots are among the finest I've seen, but more than anything else, I was impressed by the sympathetic and intelligent selection of pictures dealing with individuals—Americans, British, Russians, French and Germans. Some of these faces, smiling, afraid, or mutilated, are unforgettable. Incidentally, there is one picture in particular that I should like to recommend to those whose memories are short. It was taken during the Battle of the Bulge, and shows a group of GI's from the 101st Airborne Division taking a rest during one of the rare lulls in the siege of Bastogne. Even without the caption, it would be quite obvious to the reader that the men shown were counting on being dead reasonably soon after the picture was taken.

CHARLES MILLER

One Foot Forward

PROFESSOR Edward Hallett Carr, formerly First Secretary of the British Foreign Office and chief editorial writer of the London *Times*, can hardly be suspected of being in Moscow's pay. Indeed, prior to the publication of his *Conditions of Peace* in 1942, he was considered a hostile critic of Marxism. But the Second World War in one generation changed this politically sensitive Englishman. "The political, economic and social problems of the postwar world," he wrote, probably shocking many of his readers, "must be approached with the desire, not to stabilize, but to revolutionize."

It was only logical that Professor Carr should direct his attention to the singular event which shook the world in 1917, and whose universal implications have not yet run their full course. His new book, *The Soviet Impact on the Western World* (Macmillan, $1.75), is, I understand, only a preliminary examination of the worldwide issues raised by the Bolshevik seizure of power, and will be followed by a more detailed study. As this book is suggestive rather than exhaustive, it will be of interest chiefly to those acquainted with the facts. But it is one of those rare little books to which only reading can do full justice—regardless of whether one agrees or disagrees with its author's interpretation.

THE only general disagreement one might have with Professor Carr's interpretation is implicit in the title of his book. It seems somewhat strained to say that such phenomena as economic planning, controlled foreign trade or the use of propaganda as an instrument of diplomacy are due to the "Soviet impact." It seems more accurate to say that modern industrial civilization has created problems which make for *parallel* developments in all countries. Planning, for instance, was part and parcel of the German military economy even before the Russian Revolution. Propaganda is the natural outcome of mass education. Professor Carr himself produces ample evidence to support this contention.

As a matter of fact, in his effort to make the Soviet Union understandable to "Western" minds, Professor Carr leans over backward to show that many Soviet ideas are anchored as much in Western thought as they are native to Russia. For instance, instead of rejecting the Soviet explanation of democracy as demagogic, he finds precedents in Rousseau's "general will," from which it was treason to dissent. It is questionable, however, whether a term like "totalitarian democracy" is really meaningful. Even if it were, the fact is that Western democracy happened to adopt the ideas of Locke rather than those of Rousseau.

Nevertheless, Professor Carr's book is an important contribution to an understanding of our times for no other reason than that it seeks to place contemporary problems in a larger historical perspective. Only this perspective makes possible that degree of tolerance which a Western democratic critic of the Soviet Union should show before being listened to.

H.E.

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Education

Exit, the Private School?

PRIVATE schools on the primary and secondary level have been under attack for the last 40 years for being too snobbish, exclusive and class-conscious. On the whole, these attacks have been beaten off repeatedly with very little damage by defenders who point out that in the past the only experimental work done in the entire school system was initiated by private schools.

But last week, in a New York City courtroom, the last educational props were quietly being knocked from under the private schools' basic argument. Teachers' College, a division of Columbia University and one of the most respected educational institutions in the United States, announced that it plans to shut down its Horace Mann-Lincoln School next year and sell the properties. It claims that Lincoln School, an internationally known, top-flight private school which charges up to $600-a-year tuition, can no longer serve as a spearhead for educational progress. Teachers' College adds that the great problems in education today fall far beyond the pale of the private school. The Horace Mann-Lincoln School Parent-Teacher Association immediately raised funds to promote a court fight to prevent the college from abandoning the school, the pupils and the facilities.

The question in court involves a grant of $3 million which was given to Teachers' College in 1917 and subsequent years by the General Education Board (a Rockefeller philanthropy) to promote educational experiments and advance school activities and materials which "have a direct bearing on the everyday work of the world." Teachers' College started the Lincoln School in 1917; in 1943 Horace Mann, a private high school also operated by Teachers' College, was combined with this educational experiment.

Ever since its inception, Horace Mann-Lincoln School has been one of the best private experimental schools in the country. And it has been amazingly successful in accomplishing the tasks it set itself. Its graduates, whose course of study differed radically from what colleges wanted from their new students, acquitted themselves creditably. The rigid discipline of the public school found no place in Horace Mann-Lincoln; the curriculum was revolutionary and bold.

Today, after 30 years of experimentation, and with the $3 million principal almost intact, Teachers' College announces that, as far as it is concerned, it cannot be "justified in using the property to support a school which can no longer be made to fulfil effectively the function for which it was designed."

THE main problem in education today, says Teachers' College, is not the promotion of the new teaching methods which it has already introduced into many of the public-school systems throughout the United States; it is rather a complete reëxamination of the school programs in the light of changing social conditions since 1917. A war, a boom, a depression, another war and another boom have descended upon the US since Lincoln School was founded. Today there are three times as many students in high school as there were in 1919, but proportionately fewer students are going to college. New problems have arisen, problems which now take precedence over all others. These, according to Teachers' College, are:

Preparing the student for economic competence in his after-school life; integrating the school with the community in which it is located; meeting the needs of the below-average child who is usually found outside the private school; reducing juvenile delinquency; reducing racial tensions; providing health education; adapting the school for the urban, suburban or rural backgrounds in which the pupils will live.

Lincoln School (and, by implication, most other private schools), according to Teachers' College, does not come into contact with these vital problems, since it "has never been a typical school [and] it has grown less typical with the years because it has not reacted to the changes affecting public schools." It is still further atypical because 75 percent of the students are "superior to the school group of the country as a whole and slightly superior to the average of private schools in the East. . . . The children are obviously a preferred group; their homes are above average in economic status and in cultural background. . . ."

Therefore, unless Lincoln School's parents and teachers tie it up, Teachers' College plans to devote the $3 million to investigate problems which affect the majority of the school population today and try to solve them by working with various public-school systems throughout the US.

THE arguments presented for abandoning Lincoln School and selling its properties to the New York City public-school system cause serious doubts as to the permanence of other private schools. Less than 10 percent of America's 27 million school children attend private schools, for which their parents pay anywhere from nothing to $3,000 a year. Of the 12,727 private schools in the US, almost 80 percent are owned and operated by the Catholic Church and they instruct more than 90 percent of the non-public-school students. Only eight percent of the private institutions, enrolling 120,000 students, are non-sectarian.

Although the danger to the private school is serious, it is not immediate. As long as American public education continues in its chronic state of chaos and confusion; as long as its teachers are underpaid and overworked and its classes are overcrowded; as long as facilities are lacking; and as long as its curriculum is uncertain, there will be a demand for private schools.

For the present, wealthier parents, who want their children to have a better education than they themselves received, will continue to support two school systems. And they will keep a group of children who are, on the average, superior in background and performance, out of the bloodstream of America's free schools.

MYRON EMANUEL

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Theatre

Invitation to Dame Edith

"KING LEAR" (Century Theatre) was a sketchy choice for Donald Wolfit and his London company's first New York showing. He may have given 2,500 and more performances in England, blitz or no, but this is our first acquaintance with him. I am afraid we should have done better seeing him in a blitz. A few bombs falling around that grisly head he painted on himself for Lear might have helped.

There is no use being superior about the matter, or youngish and lively as to Shakespeare, disclaiming this play of his as entertainment. "King Lear" comes about five years after "Hamlet," and appears to have had an early London success. For our modern taste it could be said to have a difficult beginning; the division of the kingdom and Cordelia's incompetent assertion of her filial devotion are almost like a silly myth. This, in fact, is exactly what they are. The legend was established long before Shakespeare took it up; without it, there would have been no play at all.

There have been those who think "King Lear" the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, not to say the greatest of all plays. There have been others who think, it seems to me more wisely, that it achieves an elevation above all the other plays that he wrote, a final conception and import that transcend all the rest of his work, though in the meantime it remains a drama of difficult and confused requirements.

Difficult requirements in this case means the problem of putting some of the scenes in "King Lear" on the stage. Charles Lamb did not help things when he suggested that this is a play impossible to act: every critic longs to fall back on Lamb's restriction. But the fact remains that "King Lear" was acted, and acted with a vengeance, in its time. The Elizabethan mind, or the Renaissance mind, was different, and we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that our general American mind is better adapted to the rubbish, for example, that Miss Helen Hayes is enacting at the moment in "Happy Birthday" than to great thoughts and great words. The truth is that the latter scenes in "King Lear" are among the greatest things in English literature.

It is a great pity, I think, that Donald Wolfit, who is a man not without perception, should choose to do the marvelous scene beginning with Cordelia's arrival and ending with the famous speeches about being God's spy and letting the world pass by, in a cracked voice, senile and ineffectual. Nothing could be more mistaken than to enact Lear as a crazy old man. If Lear were as crazy as some psychiatrists have declared, there would be no play. His is a case not of insanity but of debility. The scenes after his adventures in the wind and rain are not studies of insanity but of exhaustion. The final scenes where Lear does and does not recognize his faithful friends present an instance of dissolution, not of insanity.

AS FOR the Wolfit company, perhaps the best thing to say about it is that the women players are better than those in the Old Vic repertory, and that is a poor compliment. Of Wolfit himself it would not be fair to say that he is a bad actor; he is merely a flat actor, to judge from this single performance. The scabrous make-up that he chose for Lear—the wildcat wig and beard, the chalky color—not only serve to lessen his stature in the character; they cut down the entire possibility of exalted splendor in the heart, which was what Shakespeare intended.

Rosalind Iden as Cordelia was agreeable enough, though at times she lit out into strange renderings of Shakespeare by which the actor appears to think that the words said mean nothing at all. The chief offender in this respect was Kempster Barnes in the noble affliction of the Edgar part. He had a fine presence for the role but apparently thought that Shakespeare was just stringing words together. Brooks Atkinson in the New York *Times* describes the scenery as morose, a rather powerful word for such settings, but on the whole happy. There is one thing I could wish for this company. I wish that all the parts could have been done by Dame Edith Evans, that great ornament to the British theatre. She would show these actors how to carry out the idea with distinction, point, energy. And she could not for the life of her be flat.

"THE WANHOPE BUILDING" (at the Princess) might be judged an unhappy beginning for the Experimental Theater, Inc. On the other hand, it may be a happy one, since its quality is difficult, insecure and at the same time more or less interesting. At any rate, it has neither the passion nor the fire of newness; it seems to me to lack theatrical potency or any vast originality, though it might be real meat for Hollywood.

The story of the play is that a bomb has been invented that will paralyze men's wills and thus destroy our life. A young Marine resolves to capture this bomb; it is on the top floor of the Wanhope Building, 500 stories up. There follow then the stages of life that might be represented in such a building—lady masseuses, suicide clubs and what not—and at the very last the bomb. The Marine gets the bomb, gives it back, but not without a speech that is the climax and the theme of the play. He returns the bomb to its malevolent owners, but only after broadcasting the idea that we are responsible for our wills and that nothing can destroy us if our wills are right. At least this is what I got from the brief speech that the hero made on the amplifier. It was over before I realized that the main theme of the play was being stated.

There are many excellent speeches, many ideas very much above what is usually written in our theatres. But the play as a whole needs a firmer hand in the directing and a stronger line for the course of it. There were some admirable performances, mostly too brief to mention here. The whole occasion was intelligently focused, and not in the amateurish style that is the curse of most so-called experiments in the theatre. More about this new theatre group next week. STARK YOUNG

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Movies

Paris Carnival

MADE in Paris by Pathé Studios during the German occupation, and completed just after the liberation, "Children of Paradise" ("Les Enfants du Paradis") is a tale of that city in the reign of Louis Philippe, and has to do with the lives of a group of mimes who work in a people's theatre, the Funambules. The poor of Paris in the 1840's showed a passionate and vociferous enthusiasm for pantomime, and they would hang to the rafters of their small playhouses or crowd the rude benches of the pit to see their favorite stories played again and again. This picture was named for those knowing ones who sit in the loftiest tiers, the ones we call the gallery gods and who in France are "les enfants du paradis."

For this important audience, years without number, the artists of the world have given their best. Today, if the second balcony sufficiently likes a play, it is often possible to save it from the indifference of the orchestra. I don't know how the movie public—the ones who go to the big houses at ten in the morning, the ones in the country who go after the Saturday-night shopping, the habitués of the corner theatre—is going to like this film. It is made for a French audience, whose tastes are different from ours. There is an atmosphere of decorated fragility about the whole thing which can be entrancing or may seem a little bloodless.

If you go to "Children of Paradise," as I think you should, you will see an excellent, difficult production job, costumes and sets that are as good as they can be; you will enjoy some fine acting, and you can watch Arletty. The name may be pretty silly, but the actress is not. She gives, with a simplicity that only long training and inherent artistry can achieve, a performance that is truly affecting. She is womanly—worldly rather than sophisticated—and beautiful. Hers is a beauty made of flesh that knows what the heart is.

Arletty plays Garance, who, when the picture opens, is employed in a sideshow on a street that would correspond to one of our carnival midways. She represents there "The Naked Truth" and is presented in a tub of water up to her shoulders, a pose which couldn't be more modest. The international film-cutting job makes it impossible to tell how she lost this position, but eventually she finds herself at liberty in the jostling, merry-making, pocket-picking crowd. She is accused of stealing a watch and saved from the mustachioed gendarme by Baptiste, played by Jean-Louis Barrault. He it is who sits in front of the Funambules, pretending to be a flour-faced idiot, and is repeatedly beaten over the head to amuse the crowd and attract new patrons to the pantomime. And he it is who falls irrevocably in love with Garance.

Eventually, Baptiste the despised becomes the greatest of silent artists, the most famous mime, always Pierrot, and the idol of all classes in Paris. So many swells come to the theatre that there is no longer room for the cooks, the Apaches, the laborers and the acrobats. Baptiste is the rage, but his heart is broken because true love is ever rough. Garance, as is proper, has many men in love with her. One of them is a crook who dotes on murder, and one, on the other side of town, is an actor blacked up as the doomed Moor who loved Desdemona.

"Children of Paradise" is too long, and by our standards, inexpertly cut and edited. Also, I would have liked more subtitles. The ones that exist keep the story clear enough, but with average school French I felt that there was more in the dialogue that I wanted to understand. But in spite of these flaws, the film is still infinitely better than most. There is a term used by painters, "artistic inequality," that applies to it. Or, put in another way, a machine-made product often lacks the workmanship of a thing created painstakingly by hand.

IF "Children of Paradise" is Punch and Judy, "Pursued," with Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum and Judith Anderson, is Romeo and Juliet. Set at the turn of the century and beautifully photographed in the butte country of New Mexico, this is a Western of genuine feeling and suspense. It is predicated on a feud between two families—the Callums and the Rands—on the nameless fear that follows the Rand boy to manhood, wondering why he is hated and feels a misfit, and on the love between him and the Callum girl, in whose home he is brought up. Dramatic incident well done, as in the final lynching scene, makes arguments about improbability seem like splitting hairs.

Jeb Rand, the boy, is played by Mitchum, who disconcerts me now and then by looking like John Barrymore, but whose quiet, sincere performance I applaud.

TERESA WRIGHT (Thor Callum) is, I think, the prettiest and most talented of the younger actresses. She has been more effective before this, but in "Pursued" she again shows unusual ability and charm. There is nothing arty or false about her and, of the actresses whose histories I know, she is one of the few who deserve whatever fortunate breaks came their way. She worked hard in the theatre, learning her trade, and in the beginning of her career refused a movie contract that would have made life easier but would have meant that her work would suffer.

Judith Anderson, who plays the Callum mother, has never, for some mysterious reason, achieved the national prominence of Helen Hayes or Lynn Fontanne, but to people in the theatre she and the late Laurette Taylor are considered superlative. Why Miss Anderson is shooting off a rifle in New Mexico I can't imagine, but whatever the reason, she does it with distinction. Dean Jagger, who plays the villain pledged to kill the last Rand, seems to enjoy himself, and a new actor, John Rodney, who plays Thor's brother, is a find. Several times I found myself liking this bad boy better than the good one. Raoul Walsh, the director, and James Wong Howe, the cameraman, have been making good movies since the middle twenties. They both seem not only as good as they were, but inexhaustible.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

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Art

Painting in France, 1939-46

MODERN ART lovers in the New York area have cause to be grateful for the opportunity to see "Painting in France, 1939-1946" at the Whitney Museum of American Art. And it is good news that the exhibition will later go to other American cities. It will be shown in Philadelphia in March and will then be brought back to New York for a national tour under the auspices of the American Federation of Art.

Speculation as to what kind of painting, if any, French artists did during the war is now ended—and ended, for the optimists, on a note of triumph. For most of these wartime French paintings are characterized by an unparalleled urgency and intensity. The artists were no longer experimenting, no longer exercising their faculties or indulging their whims. They were functioning with decision and power, through syntheses of previous movements, in confident affirmation of life and their *métier*.

While it is heartening to see other names as well as those of the modern masters, Picasso, Matisse, Rouault and so on, it is a shock to note that most of the newer men are nearing middle age. The director of the Whitney Museum, Mrs. Julianna Force, specifically requested that the work of the younger artists and the less well known in America should predominate. The second part of the request was fully honored, but a study of the catalogue reveals that of the 77 artists exhibiting, 19 are over 60 years old, 50 of them are between 40 and 50, and only eight under 36. Mobilization in France took all active men between 18 and 55. Many of the older men were discharged early in the war, and others —escaped or released prisoners—returned in various underground ways. But what of the younger artists, those between 25 and 35? Has the blight of war and deportation decimated them? Or did the committee in charge of selecting for this exhibition choose only the work of those artists who had definitely arrived? We do not know.

But we can imagine with what courage and at what sacrifice French artists carried on throughout the long Occupation. Lacking the basic necessities of sufficient food and fuel, harassed by the omnipresent Gestapo, they endured mental as well as physical anguish. It is marvelous that they were able to paint these vibrant canvases, and the Whitney Museum's director deserves all our thanks for organizing this exhibition "in tribute to their indomitable courage."

It is cheering to note that of the eight youngest painters, four (all now in their middle thirties) show great ability, and the others boldness and promise. Civet's "Woman with a Dog" is well painted and forceful, with strong Expressionist influence. Gruber's "Self-Portrait" is solidly yet nervously done, with a hint of wildness about it. In Despierre's remarkable "Still-Life," Cubism serves less as a base than to give movement. Venard's "Landscape of Lot et Garonne" and his fish "Still-Life" are powerful, weighty and rich.

MOST of the work here shown, then, is by the 50 not-so-young men, and certainly the committee has done well by them—and well by us too. For it is they, in several groups, who have carried through the various fusions of "isms" to the clear, ringing brilliance that dominates the show. That a fusion of movements was in the making before the war is more than likely, but the rapid succession of fateful crises in French affairs keyed her artists to high and fervent expression. There is little open reference to the war, few painted agonies. The emphasis seems to be on the intensive restatement of simple, fundamental things in terms of a less representative, more re-presentative realism. This was to be achieved through techniques derived from fusion of the modernistic movements of the last 50 years. The program was inescapably logical to those artists who knew what o'clock it was, to all who were not living in the recent but already remote past.

Though this aim appears common to most of the newer men, there are several kinds of syntheses at work. Each fusionist seems to have chosen to ally himself with one or more of the earlier movements—with results generally good and occasionally hair-raising. Goerg's fusion of Surrealism and Expressionism, in his three paintings of the horrors of war, is an example of the latter. The caricature-like, agonized figures are not of this world, but evoked from some inferno within the artist's brain.

IN many cases the varying influences have been so well absorbed that they are no longer separable. This is certainly so with Fougeron. In his "Maternity" he uncompromisingly pushes his new realism to the point of crudity. There is more of brutality than of tenderness in his painting, yet it has a strange dignity of its own. Humblot's "Shipwreck," in which several figures mourn over the body of a drowned man, is stark and grim. Blank resignation is on some of the faces; the others are set in hysteric grief. There are a Spanish austerity and a rigorous economy about the composition, and the restrained color increases the somber, impressive effect.

Ambrogiani's "Nude on Green Sofa" is painted with dynamic force in brilliant, vibrant color. Badly placed in a passageway, it needs distance for full appreciation. In Alex's "Exodus," a woman about to leave a war-blasted house looks at the body of a young man, smashed back, almost upright, against a wall. The large simplifications, the flat planes, the harsh color—all contribute to the bleakness of the scene and emphasize the unyielding courage of the woman. In gentler, more personal mood, Robin uses a modified Cubism in his burial scene, "Death of a Child," and in his landscape, "The Last Rays." Disciplined composition and a rich depth of color give distinction to his work. Among many other memorable paintings are some fine Paris landscapes by Quizet, and two bold rural pieces by Chabaud. Canvases by Couty, Poncelet, Walch, Aujame and Desnoyer are but a few of those worth seeing again.

Tal Coat's "Rooster" and "Horse" look like artistic shorthand, notes from

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which the artist intended to work. Since he obviously does not, it must be concluded that this reducing of a thing to the simplest statement will be followed by a mere suggestion of the thing, and ultimately by a spot on the canvas. Meanwhile, Tal Coat's "Rooster," attenuated as he is, still looks strong enough to fight his own battles.

The Abstractionists and the Surrealists, of course, are well represented, and they remain isolationists. They are above all conflicts; they dwell in impregnable castles. Much of the work of the Abstractionists would make very good stained-glass windows. The Surrealists continue their ritualistic performances, meticulously rearranging their familiar paraphernalia of symbolic figures, snakes and spiders, bones and birds, all minutely painted against elaborate backgrounds.

FOR contemporary versions of the charming, in heightened and more vigorous styles than those of the older artists Bonnard and Laurencin (also represented here), there are still-lifes by Valentine Prax and Jules Cavailles. The former is a woman who, in "The Friends" and "The Greedy Birds," gets an effect of fluttering movement through skillful use of planes and prismlike flashes of color—very gay and entertaining. Cavailles' "Liberation of Paris" is no wild celebration. The artist smilingly set a few things on his table: small flags of the Allies in a glass and a bunch of flowers in another, against a brilliant red background with a pool of light green in front. Part of a placard announcing the liberation is at top left, and another, folded and showing the word *fête,* is on the table. The composition is unpretentious and touching, but the color and the manner are vigorous and delightful.

Frenchmen insist that that which is not clear is not French. The visitor will find much in this exhibition that is not clear, at least to him, but he will also find much that is vital, dynamic and exciting. These will not quickly be popular paintings. They will require attentive and repeated looking at, and the shedding of old prejudices and of some more recently acquired convictions.

WILLIAM MURRELL

Music

Benny Rides Again

THE other day I was reading an article by the late Otis Ferguson in a 1936 issue of the *New Republic.* Ferguson knew and loved jazz better than most people who write about it, and his pieces on individual artists and bands were full of all the aggressive eagerness that goes with the music. The article was about Benny Goodman's band, which at that time was playing at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Manhattan Room—now the Café Rouge. Reading it again after ten years gave me a lot of nostalgic pleasure—and made it easy to remember those Friday nights on which the entire senior class of Horace Mann high school—myself included—would invade the "Penn" with our dates, nurse one drink through the evening and listen to the Goodman band.

Between numbers, small groups of us would assemble and make with serious discussions of the preceding arrangement, using highly technical terms such as "gate," "pope," "sender" and the like. This language, according to the best authorities, was the exclusive province of jazz musicians with whom we wanted to identify ourselves in the same way that people of another age group want to identify themselves with Superman.

To us the music was Swing, and everything else, including Hal Kemp, Casa Loma and other idols of our foolish childhood, was strictly off the cob, as the cats put it. The fact that we had absolutely no conception of what the Goodman band was trying to achieve didn't in any way cool our enthusiasm, and it was only after months of listening that we came to the point where a 30-minute drum solo by Gene Krupa didn't represent to us the ultimate in jazz artistry. Actually, we couldn't fail to learn. Things like Goodman's sharp brass section, the warm, flowing reeds and the subtly powerful rhythm section, all blended together in a Fletcher Henderson arrangement, were too much for even the most untrained ear. After a while we began to get our money's worth on that one drink.

But Goodman wasn't merely a high-school idol. For the first time in the history of jazz, the music was coming to be accepted by people whose tastes ran in more serious channels, and cocktail-party intellectuals were discovering that liking Benny Goodman didn't necessarily involve excommunication. In fact, it became quite the thing to find all sorts of social and political implications in jazz. Of course, some of the more esoteric groups would have nothing to do with Benny because he made money and never played at Nick's.

What happened was that Benny Goodman did more to make people accept jazz as real music than anyone else. There have been greater artists in the field, but none who put the idea across like Goodman. Soloists like Jess Stacy, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Bunny Berigan, Krupa (when he felt like playing real drums no one could touch him); arrangers like Fletcher Henderson, Mary Lou Williams and Eddie Sauter; and Benny himself as soloist and leader—these things combined to make his bands of the late thirties and early forties influence the taste of musicians and listeners all over the world.

THIS is all by way of introduction to a short list of some old Goodman records, for those who may have missed or forgotten them. In these days of extremes in taste (you're either re bop or New Orleans), listeners might enjoy hearing again the music that combined everything that is good in jazz:

By the band: "Stompin' at the Savoy," "King Porter," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Roll 'Em," "Riffin' at the Ritz," "Benny Rides Again."

By the trio: "China Boy," "Pick a Rib."

By the quartet: "Tea for Two."

By the sextet: "Boy Meets Goy."

These records are all Victor, with the exception of "Benny Rides Again" and the sextet disc, which are Columbia.

CHARLES MILLER

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Press

Friendly Surprise

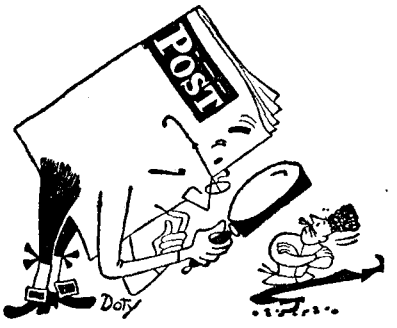
FOR THE last three weeks the oldest, the third largest and the most sternly conservative American weekly magazine also has been the most discussed. In its February 15 issue the *Saturday Evening Post,* which had been visualizing atomic destruction every time the atomless Russian bear waved his paw, published a friendly though not uncritical article on Soviet attitudes by associate editor Edgar Snow. Before the 3.5 million readers who buy the *Post* each week could recover from the shock, the *Post* ran additional conciliatory views by Snow on Russia in last week's and this week's issues.

The *Post* had warned its readers that "a series of interesting and provocative articles" about the Russian state of mind were due to appear. Snow was one of the few magazine editors who could have written them. A curly-haired, friendly iconoclast of 41, Snow had become a national literary figure in 1938 when his *Red Star Over China,* the first comprehensive study of the Chinese Communists, was published. He added his jaunty liberal name and his reputation as one of the world's great reporters to the *Post's* staid editorial staff five years later, and was promptly dubbed "Mickey Marx."

Early last November, editor Bert Hibbs asked Snow if he wanted to write a series of background articles on the Soviet Union. Snow did not—the *Post* wouldn't publish what he wanted to write. Hibbs, a gaunt and Lincolnesque Kansas Republican with an obstinate streak of Middle Western liberalism, promised him a free hand.

Snow retired to his shore home, in Madison, Connecticut, and wrote the articles in six weeks. He attacked his problem like a missionary who uses fairy tales and flattery to convert the heathen. Wanting in his first article to preach the heretical doctrine that much, if not most, of the US-USSR misunderstanding was due to the sociological illiteracy of Americans, Snow told a story with semantics as its villain. "Differences in words and word values underlie much of our misunderstanding of other countries," he wrote soothingly in his lead. "Only scientists, musicians and chess players can, as yet, speak across the continents with exact comprehension." He pointed out that Russians spoke a "Marxian" language in which words like "democracy," "fascism" and "collaborator" had precisely defined meanings. Less strictly disciplined Americans seldom agreed on definitions, even among themselves. As a result, "our ignorance of Soviet vocabulary led to countless misunderstandings, and it still does today."

When Molotov spoke of "living in a system of states," Snow wrote, Americans assumed he meant the current world order. Actually, he was referring to Lenin's contention that "while the Soviet Union existed in a complex system of states of which only one was socialist, capitalist encirclement and bloody battles were inevitable." Molotov's apparently innocuous remark had the same emotional appeal for Russians that "Remember the Alamo" has for Texans. Snow answered American objections to Stalin's failure, in his postwar election speech, to give sufficient credit to the United States, with: "Tributes to lend-lease would have been as much out of place as hosannas to the Red Army in Governor Dewey's campaign."



Snow broke a fundamental rule of journalism in his second article. He decided to use irony to convince his audience that American foreign policy was less altruistic than it seemed in State Department releases. After totaling up Russian war losses—they included "heavier casualties at Kharkov, in a battle most Americans never heard of, than we lost in the entire war against Japan"—Snow lifted "the lid from Ivan Ivanovich's skull" and described the world as it appeared to "hopelessly muddled" Ivan.

"Such is the perversity of Ivan Ivanovich," Snow wrote, "that he doubts whether for Americans to have a monopoly to exploit the oil of 400,000 square miles of Saudi Arabia, and Britain to control virtually all the oil in Russia's neighbor lands in Mesopotamia, helps to achieve a fair distribution of world resources. It follows that he fails to perceive that for Russia to seek oil concessions in eastern Austria or northern Iran amounts to Red imperialism and threatens the foundations of civilization."

This ironic second article, published last week, was the one Editor Hibbs claimed would be the most effective. Snow doubted that his irony would be lost on *Post* readers.

THE generalization that Russia can't afford, and therefore doesn't want, war, the subject of this week's final article, was treated by Snow in straightforward reportorial prose. "The logic of facts is stronger than any other logic," Stalin wrote, and the logic of today's Russian facts, according to Snow, reveals a nation fully aware "that war with America now could mean complete disaster." "Seven million Russian soldiers were killed in the recent war . . . six million homes were destroyed . . . industry, transportation and agriculture were badly crippled . . . steel production dropped from 21 million tons to 15 million tons . . . food is far from abundant . . . reconstruction in some basic industries in the Ukraine lagged behind schedule as much as 60 percent."

Snow ingeniously tried to sugar-coat some unpalatable facts. "No doubt the Russians have tried to prevent us from looking behind their iron curtain," he began one sentence disarmingly, "but there is also evidence that a smoke screen of our making sometimes keeps us from looking out." He quoted a Princeton University survey to indicate that

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two out of three Americans don't know that Russians can privately own homes, furniture and cars. Ivan Ivanovich, Snow wrote, "has never seen a letter or an editorial in his own press calling for war against the United States . . . [but has] read reprints of letters, some written by American Army officers, urging war against Russia."

When the articles had been completed and passed around and read, open conflict developed in the *Post's* editorial offices. Each editor concerned with foreign-affairs material wrote Hibbs his opinion of Snow's work. The opinions varied from congratulations to fears that readers would think the *Post* pro-Russian and would be unable to understand semantics. As is usual on the *Post* when editors disagree, Hibbs made the decision. He held a short meeting in his office (Snow was not there) and announced he would run the articles, unedited, as they had been written.

"I feel that the American people, who are traditionally fair-minded, are entitled to look at all sides of any issue as critical as the Russian question," Hibbs wrote in a worried "Open Letter to Generalissimo Stalin and Other *Post* Readers" published with the first article and apparently designed to mollify his readers. "Secondly, I think it is barely possible that these articles may contribute something toward an understanding with Russia and the winning of the world peace for which we all so devoutly hope."

The articles are drawing one of the heaviest mail responses in *Post* history. The early letters ran four to one in favor of Snow's attitude. His personal mail, while following the same general pattern, has included a high quota from die-hards. He has received letters quoting Bilbo and Rankin, an anti-Semitic newspaper clipping, and several pointed references to the speech before the American Legion in which J. Edgar Hoover pointed out that "Communist influence has projected itself into some newspapers, magazines, books, radio and the screen." As letters from the unreconstructed hinterland began coming in, criticism increased. By the end of last week, roughly half the letters both to the *Post* and to Snow opposed Snow's conclusions. RICHARD STROUSE

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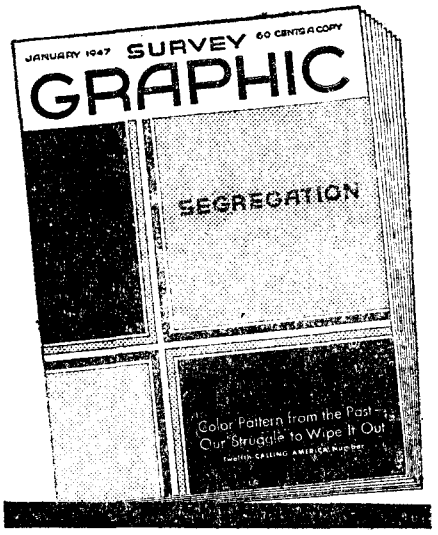

THIS twelfth Calling America number examines racial segregation the country over in schools, employment, churches, the armed forces, residence, recreation, and travel, appraising the cost to us in money, and in morals and psychological conflict. Outstanding authorities—white and Negro—assess recent changes, and show how *each of us can help bring about a democratic solution of the problem.*

Among the gifted writers: Charles G. Bolte, Joseph Curran, Edwin R. Embree, Liston Pope, the Rev. John LaFarge, Alain Locke, Louis Wirth, Robert C. Weaver, Robert E. Cushman. Missouri-born Dr. Will W. Alexander acted as chief consultant and Thomas Sancton of Mississippi (formerly Managing Editor of NR) was special editor.

Eleanor Roosevelt calls it "a fine job." Mary McLeod Bethune finds it a "marvelous edition." Channing H. Tobias praises it as "a source book," Harold L. Lundquist, associate editor of *Moody Monthly,* thinks it is "unusually fine." H. Vail Deale, Iowa librarian, spots it as an "excellent summary," F. E. De Frantz, Indiana YMCA secretary, hails it as a "magnificent issue." Desmond W. Bittinger, editor of *The Gospel Messenger,* considers it "among the best I have ever seen." *The Woman's Press* writes, "It provides information and directive for the future," and *America* describes it as "a noteworthy contribution."

Clippings have already reached us, too, from the *N. Y. Times, Post, Sun;* from the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Christian Century; N. J. Herald News, Pittsburgh Courier, Amsterdam Star News, The Afro-American, Raleigh Carolinian, Philadelphia Tribune, Sunday Chicago Bee, Memphis World, School and Society* and many other publications. NBC carried it across the nation.

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New Republic News

Businessman

DANIEL MEBANE, the *New Republic's* harried treasurer and business manager, is not smiling as much these days as he has in the past. "But," he is quick to explain, "that's only because I'm out of breath trying to keep up with the subscriptions."

Mebane is a brisk and ruddy-faced man of 53 who wears his white hair in a short, crew-cut and speaks with a staccato energy that has never lost its Midwestern twang. He is a strong pillar of information to the host of newcomers in this office for he has been a part of the *NR* for the past 27 years and claims to have read every issue since the first one in 1914.

In fact, the *NR* was one of the direct reasons for Mebane's departure from the teaching profession. In 1917 he was in the English department of the University of Indiana, from which he had been graduated that year and where he had involved himself in every student controversy he could find. The young teacher decided to assign the young *New Republic* to his students, the president of the university questioned the wisdom of that unconventional text, and Mebane, who was only an instructor —"and a lowly one at that"—concluded, after arguing, that the best protest he could make was to resign. "Besides," he recalls, "I wanted to come to New York anyway."

In New York, in 1917, Mebane turned up at the *New Republic* looking for a job and was told there was no place for him on the staff. He then took a position with the credit department of the Ingersoll Watch Company, where "in ten months I became head of the department and made as much money as a full professor."

"But all the time," he recalled, "I kept trying to work for the *New Republic.*" In 1919, after innumerable applications had been turned down, he decided to get married and become a family man instead. The *New Republic* sent for him the next year, and hasn't let him out of its sight ever since.

In addition to guarding our finances, Mebane has at the moment the task of fitting a greatly expanded staff into an inelastic office space. This he does, partly by moving walls around in the wistful hope that he can create something out of nothing, but still more by cajoling us into believing we like to work in nice cozy little offices. He isn't completely successful with this line of propaganda, but the failure doesn't seem to trouble him. "I guess this job agrees with me," he says. "In the First World War I was rejected by the Army for being underweight and today I've climbed all the way up to 150 pounds."

LIKE all editors who hope to go on eating regularly, we try to keep close to the desires of our readers, and we read religiously the advice they send us. Sometimes, though, it gets pretty confusing. A lot of articles, of course, produce a mixed reaction, and that's as it should be. If a writer doesn't start an argument, he's probably writing fairly pallid prose. But what are we to do when, as happened one day last week, we got a note asking us if we thought we were writing for kindergarten readers and another suggesting that no one with less than a Ph.D. could possibly understand us; a letter congratulating us on sticking to the "good old paper that's easy on on the eyes" and two more denouncing the blotting paper we now employ; a postcard deploring our ivory-tower aloofness and a very angry communication suggesting that we have hidden political ambitions? It's obvious that we're never going to satisfy everyone.

And by the way, the reason why we cross-index material from the middle of the book to the front, but not in the opposite direction, is that the middle goes to press on Friday evening, at which time the news department is just rolling up its sleeves for a busy weekend.

Correspondence

Life on the Mississippi

SIR: The reprint of the Mark Twain excerpt, entitled "Old Man River Had a Union Card" (the *New Republic,* February 10), is good reading and provides a little comic relief, if no great consolation, to those harried by labor baiters. Lest some readers hasten to draw a moral not intended by the editors, a correction and slight amplification of this classic tale is offered. Mark Twain's account of the pilots' organization, written a quarter-century after the fact and colored by the author's gift for making even a good story much better, exaggerates and distorts some elements and ignores others. Of course there were pilots' associations employing the practices described, but their activities were neither so widespread nor so successful as this account suggests. Nor was their passing due to the Civil War and railroad competition. Instead of "annihilating the steamboat industry," the Civil War brought boom times to the rivers; and the rise of pilots' associations was coincident with the beginnings of active river-rail competition in the fifties. Steamboat owners were far from being as helpless as pictured in this account. They fought back, and with some success. Even before the Civil War their complaints resulted in the intervention of the federal government, acting through the steamboat inspection service which, by the exemplary revocation of pilot licenses in a few instances, compelled a modification if not an abandonment of the "monopolistic" practices.

During the Civil War the military proved to be equally unsympathetic to the cause of the organized pilots and in 1864 imposed regulations on the Western rivers requiring every steamboat to carry apprentice pilots and, under penalty of revocation of license, compelled both pilots and engineers, when unemployed, to accept positions offered with "adequate compensation." The real payoff came in the piping days of postwar prosperity when a predecessor of the present congressional administration showed a spirit akin, in this respect at least, to that which rules Capitol Hill today. In response to renewed complaints from steamboat owners, Congress in 1866 enacted a law (14 Statutes at Large 227) which not only com-

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pelled pilots, under penalty of fine and revocation of license, to admit to the pilot-house any persons whom the captain or owners might desire to learn the craft, but also provided the same penalties for any pilot or engineer who "to the hindrance of commerce, wrongfully or unreasonably refuses to serve as such on any steam vessel."

Washington, D. C. LOUIS C. HUNTER

[Dr. Hunter is perfectly correct—we have discharged our inaccurate reporter. – THE EDITORS]

To Henry A. Wallace

[BY CABLE FROM LONDON]

SIR: On behalf of Viet Nam people now suffering under French attack we thank you warmly for your open letter to General Marshall. We put our faith in you to continue to champion the cause of all colonial peoples and particularly the Viet Nam Republic, so that the United Nations Charter [may] be given body and power and freedom [to] become at last a constructive human reality.

LEAGUE OF ANNAMESE EMIGRES IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

London, England

The Ledo Road

SIR: It is good to see that at least one magazine considers the Ledo Road to be worthy of a follow-up story ("The Jungle's Victory," the *New Republic*, February 10). As one of the gang of "hairy ears" engineers who worked on it from below Ledo to Kweiyang in China, it pained me to read of the jungle's triumph, which most of us felt then would eventually come to pass.

It is worth remembering that the American and Chinese dogfaces that accomplished what has been called the greatest engineering feat in history not only mucked it through heat, rain, dust, malaria and scrub typhus, but bore the brunt of a lot of higher-up sabotage; the Chinese politico-grafters and their American rear-echelon sycophants who were interested mainly in rooking Stilwell; the swagger-stick British officers who first said the job was impossible and later that it was useless; the American officers who concentrated on making themselves comfortable.

Perhaps if a really free India and Burma are born, they will see what this road can mean for them in developing these primitive areas, the shipping interests which control the Calcutta-Rangoon trade can be brushed aside and the road can be retrieved from the jungle.

Meanwhile it looks from here as though it is fast going the way of much of the great edifice of noble ideas and accomplishments of the war years—erosion is highly contagious.

New York City PAUL WELLER

MAGAZINE

FROM LAKE GENEVA TO LAKE SUCCESS

By Lillian T. Mowrer

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF

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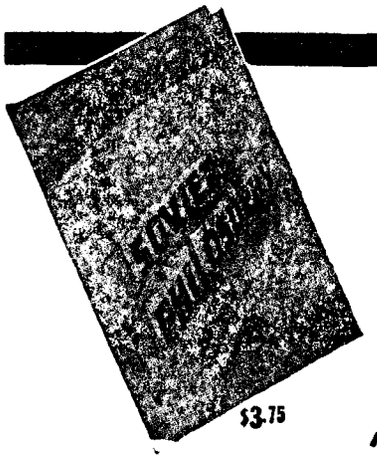

SOVIET PHILOSOPHY

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Bandwagon

"Lesser Breeds without the Law"

The killing of a British senior officer [in Pola, Venezia Giulia] shocked Allied forces, who believed that if violence occurred it would probably be confined to the rival racial groups. – From the New York *Times*.

Forearmed

"It [Russian-language instruction] will be an instrument for peace and an invaluable weapon in war. We were handicapped by our lack of knowledge of Japanese when war with the Japanese broke out." – *Theodore Huebener, director of foreign languages in the New York City school system, quoted in the Brooklyn* Eagle.

Keepsake

Colonel Edward J. Murray, under arrest for smuggling more than $210,000 worth of diamonds and other precious stones into the country from Japan, said today that he regarded them as "legitimate souvenirs. . . ." – *Lawrence E. Davies in the New York* Times.

Shades of the Founding Fathers!

Many of these Democrats come from the South, where the fires of the Washington and Jefferson tradition still burn brightly. These Democrats will be found voting with their Republican brethren from the North on issues involving fundamentals. – *David Lawrence in his syndicated column.*

It's a Grand Old Flag

These theatre suits are wonderfully American, designed beautifully for an American way of life. And that way means café life, going to bars and restaurants and smart public places which must be reached via the public street. – *From an article by Mary Hampton in the Fresno* Bee.

Bible Lesson

That it would be "repugnant to the mind of Christ for the Protestant Episcopal Church to unite with the Presbyterian Church" is an opinion expressed in a minority report of the Joint Commission of Approaches to Union to be presented at the triennial general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Philadelphia. – *From the New York* Times.

Rugged Individualism

"What most returning servicemen want is not government unemployment insurance or other feather-bedding, but to be let strictly alone to make their own way," Major G. Adams, director of Young Republican Activities, said yesterday. – *From the Los Angeles* Times.

Sauce for the Gander

Officers of the Real Property Owners' League, organized to fight OPA rent ceilings, have balked at the attempt of the Melbourne Hotel to raise the organization's rent on its meeting room at a hotel. – *From the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

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Letter of the Week

(Continued from page 3)

that their efforts are appreciated is for the state either to build low-rent houses or to create a free state university." Nobody opposed the suggestion that the money be used for housing.

Since that broadcast I have found widespread sentiment among veterans for putting the $400 million to better use than a bonus. For one thing, a flat bonus would give money to many who don't need it, because even the maximum of $250 would in no way affect their standard of living. On the other hand, if the total sum were used for housing, it would fundamentally change the living standards of almost a quarter-million in the low-income group. Others point out that the sum could be used to build some 50,000 units in the state. If

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the money were used to encourage and assist private investment, more than 50,000 apartments could be made available. This would immediately relieve the pressure on the tenant; it would automatically check rent increases. It would result in savings for low-income families that would add up to $250 many times over. What's more, decent homes would save the veteran hundreds of dollars in doctor bills—and divorce fees.

Fundamentally, veteran opinion believes that the public misreads what the veteran expects from the community. He doesn't want a "tip" for services rendered. He does want some real action on real problems—homes, hospitals, schools, jobs. He wants and demands that kind of consideration from his country.

I HAVE heard the argument made by some politicos, trapped between conscience and demagogy, to the effect that veterans can ask for both houses and bonus. Quite true—they can ask! But if $400 million goes for a bonus, the fight for housing will be twice as difficult. What is more, if $400 million goes for housing this year, the hard-pressed tenant will get quick relief. If the building appropriation is made next year or the year after, the low-income tenant will, in the interim, have repaid the bonus in taxes and unduly high rentals. Finally, in terms of priorities, a bonus is way down on the list. If more than $400 million can be raised for veterans' needs, it should go first to more housing; then a free university; then more and better hospitals; then for more student aid; and then—maybe—the bonus.

I write this because I am firmly convinced that thousands of New York State veterans hold this point of view. They want to do something about it, but they feel frustrated. In just what form can they express their preference to have the money used for housing?

I am using this medium to enlist support for a movement to have an alternative submitted to the voters. Let them choose between bonus or housing. If such a bill were introduced, I am certain that considerable sentiment could be rallied around it.

New York City GUS TYLER

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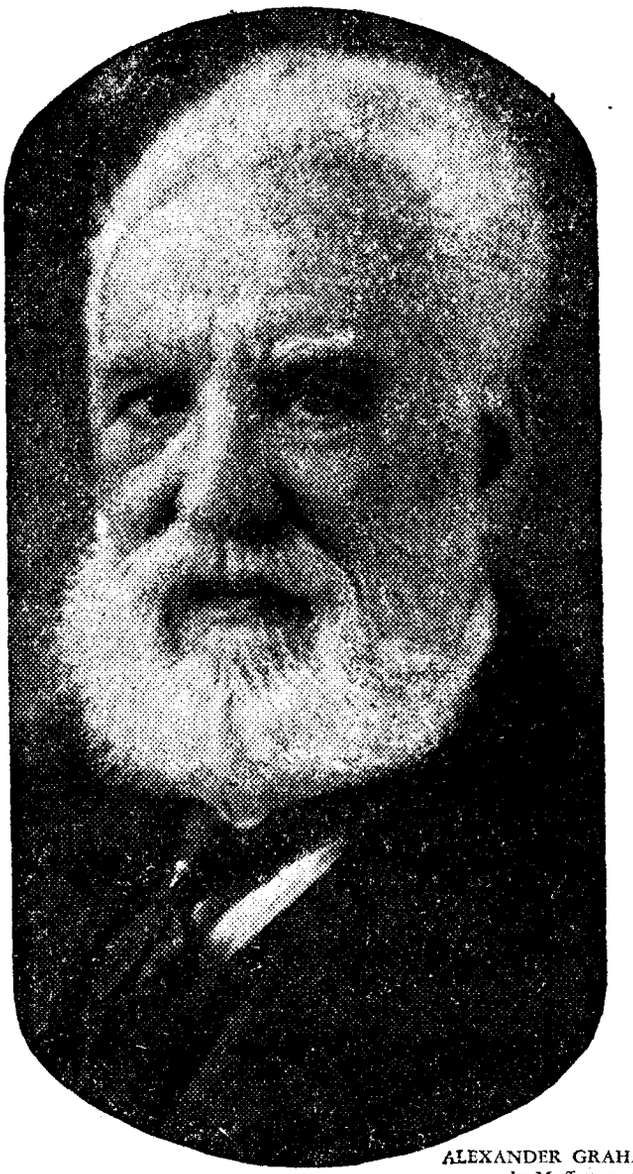

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